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PAN-GERMAN rage over the indiscretions of Kühlmann appears to have subsided completely. There is no longer talk of driving him from office because he denies the possibility of a purely military victory or looks forward to a long war. It is a natural inference that both Kühlmann's speech and the outcry attending it were in accordance with the government programme. The government had promised to produce decisive results in the late offensive. It failed to keep its promise, and official recognition of this fact had somehow to be accorded. If the announcement that peace by German victory was not near at hand should excite too great turmoil, the government was prepared to sacrifice Kühlmann. If the popular discontent should prove overwhelming, the Pan-German press were apparently under instructions to focus it upon the minister. As matters turned out, this precaution was unnecessary. The German people are no longer so confident that a new offensive will bring peace that its failure takes them wholly unawares. They must for the most part understand that there is a long war before them unless their government can secure peace by political means.

AT first there was a tendency among Allied observers to treat the Kühlmann pronouncements as the first attack in a general peace offensive. There was every reason for anticipating a political move for peace when the German military offensive reached its climax. But all Germany's plans were thrown into confusion by Austria's defeat. While Germany's own military prestige remained at its maximum, that of her ally was gravely compromised. For political purposes the Franco-Belgian and the Italian fronts are one, and the net effect of the spring military operations was one of ebbing Teutonic powers. Under these conditions Germany might indeed continue to manoeuvre for peace, but not with any great confidence in the outcome. The terms that she could expect were not such as would prove acceptable to her, unless her people are distressed and war-weary beyond any calculations we can safely make. The great peace offensive has in all probability been postponed until after another military offensive may have advanced the German lines much farther to the west, or possibly until the world is face to face with the horrors of another winter campaign.

THE great drive for immediate military intervention in Russia has failed. Even in advance of an explicit pronouncement from President Wilson, it is safely inferable that America means to persevere in its policy of neutrality on questions of Russian domestic policies. We may send a civil commission to Russia, to determine how far aid can be extended to the Russian people without involving ourselves with either the Bolshevik or the anti-Bolshevik factions. The anti-Bolshevik propagandists in this country have hitherto insisted that the first prerequisite of fruitful aid to Russia was the forcible overthrow of the Bolsheviki. This was natural, so long as there was any chance of Allied support in their partisan strivings. But now when it is clear that the adjustments of party control in Russia will have to be effected by Russian resources alone, may we not hope that the opponents of the Bolsheviki will sink their partisan-


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ship in patriotism, and lend us their abilities to devise the most effective possible methods of assisting Russia within the limits of factional neutrality? Intervention or nothing was a position that a Russian patriot might properly occupy so long as there was hope for intervention. Now that there is no hope the position is one that he can no longer hold.

ONE point in the press forecasts of the President's Russian Policy is far from clear. The Russian commission is to have ample police protection. Just what does this mean? The interventionists are clinging to the phrase as a loophole through which the two Allied divisions of their prayers may be introduced into Russia. They are hoping that by avoidance of the name of intervention they may accomplish the fact. But they are hoping against hope. The one outstanding characteristic of President Wilson's diplomacy is its sincerity. If the President were in favor of military intervention at all, he would not stick at the name. A civil commission does not need police protection, beyond a small body of attachés to ward off possible attacks by lawless individuals or by fanatics who might desire to bring on a military punitive expedition and in the end general intervention. There may be more pressing need for police protection later when we have actually sent to Russia goods that might fall into German hands. But such protection will properly be extended only by an agreement arrived at with the authorities in control in Russia.

OF all the news of the day, the most baffling is the news of Russian events. One day the press solemnly assures us that the former Tsar has been assassinated or executed, in a city where it is highly improbable that Nicholas can be. The next day this event has disappeared altogether from the news columns. Or we are informed on one day that the Grand Duke Nicholas has proclaimed the restoration of the monarchy, only to find the next day that even the whereabouts of the Grand Duke is uncertain. General Kaledin's movements are especially perplexing. According to apparently authentic information, he has been dead for some time, but this does not bar him from emerging now in the Volga territory, now in Siberia, at the head of a promising anti-Bolshevik movement. Psychologists will see a natural relation between the reports of counter revolutionary activity and the waning of the hope of Allied military intervention. There is so much ardent desire abroad for a change in Russian affairs that one disappointment breeds all manner of new hopes. Hopes generate beliefs, and these in turn are easily pressed into service as realized facts.

FINLAND will probably best consult her own interests by refraining for the present from pushing her national claim to the Russian province of Carelia. The population of Carelia may be prevailingly Finnish, as the annexationist party asserts. We in America should regard this fact, if it is a fact, as an important point in favor of union with Finland. But by geography Carelia holds an extremely close relation with Russia. A Power hostile to Russia established in Carelia could easily cut all Russian communications with the outside world through the White Sea and the Arctic. The Ukraine has already cut Russia's communications with the Black Sea; and the Baltic will be completely dominated by Germany, if she continues to hold Moon Island and the Aalands. Accordingly, with a barrier across the north, Vladivostok and other Pacific ports would be Russia's only escape from the prison of the land locked states. Finland, to be sure, will never be a serious menace to Russia, if she plays her own hand. But just now Germany is playing Finland's hand, a fact that the Allies may afford to ignore so long as Finland's ambitions confine themselves to the maintenance of order at home. Western opinion does not judge Finland too harshly because, when confronted with the alternatives of the devil or the deep sea, she chose the devil. It is possible in the end to welsh on a contract with the devil. But until the Finns have got rid of German influence they had better seal up their dreams of expansion.

OUR enemies will undoubtedly take comfort from the evidence of scandalous profit that has just been put forward by the Federal Trade Commission, and the glee that was afforded to Germany by the reports of our aeroplane inefficiency will now be renewed over the positive official assertions of "inordinate greed and barefaced fraud." Is this worth while? Granting that many great industries have never before experienced such prosperity as the war has brought them, is it wise to take these beneficiaries of the war to task at the present time? The answer is patent. National unity does not mean national immunity. National unity is not wide enough, and ought not to be wide enough, to cover the profiteers. There are a few persons who will seize on this evidence of plunder to fortify their conviction that the whole war incentive of big business was this opportunity to plunder. Most Americans will see in the report a peculiarly healthy national state of mind. If we feed our enemies' malice by exposing an ailment, it is better to face the ailment than conceal it. This is exactly the time to look into the question of profit and to scrutinize greed and fraud.

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WHERE "the restraints of conscience and love of country" have not reduced the inflammation of profits, there remains taxation. There is much to be said, even from the standpoint of self-respect, for something more explicit and objective than a standard of morals. The remote consumer does not care whether $83,000,000 in excess profits is accumulated by tiny fractions of a cent or by wagons of gold. If twenty multi-millionaires tearfully explain that their profits are microscopic in relation to the volume of their business, the only appropriate reply is to waive this moral inquisition and indicate that an excess profit tax would be still more microscopic. Under cover of national unity, are we to create a huge vested interest in the war, or are we to keep the war a war of clean issues by scouring the bottom the moment it is necessary? The taxation of excess profits has the extreme merits of meeting the situation currently, of narrowing the field for subversive criticism at home, and of removing the incentive to consider the war an organization for profit. The war is obviously an organization not for profit, and so this nation understands it. If the enemy trusts that the due application of this principle means American disruption and takes comfort in the fact, the comfort is not likely to prove solid. The taxation of excess profits is too incontrovertible to hurt any morale but the profiteer's.

IF the telegraph system is taken over by the government, as now appears inevitable, what are the chances that it will ever be returned to private management? For a generation the sentiment for government telegraphs has been growing, not merely among men temperamentally inclined toward state socialism, but also among those who, like Mr. Burleson, avow their fidelity to the principle of the least trammelled free enterprise. Among the authorities whose argument really supports government ownership we may now place President Newcomb Carlton of the Western Union. "It is well to bear in mind," he writes, "that there are two national systems of communication universal in character and open to the public at low cost—the United States mail and the telegraph system. It would be impossible to estimate the loss and damage to the government and the public were either of these two great means of communication to be interrupted." It is true, the only conclusion President Carlton actually deduces from this analogy of the two services is that neither can permit its employees to be members of organizations employing the strike. But an equally logical deduction is that neither service ought to be so controlled that the public interest may be subordinated to private profit.

ONLY men who are abnormally envious can envy Mr. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee. He evidently feels the awkwardness of his position. He is evidently doing his best to hide his feelings. That he does not succeed is not altogether his fault. He tries hard, in an interview published on Sunday by the New York Times, to reconcile a desire for Republican success in the congressional elections this autumn with a conviction that now, more than in ordinary times, country must reach above party. Yet in spite of his efforts he cannot keep from saying things like this: "Every Republican vote cast is another nail in the Kaiser's coffin; every Republican Congressman elected is another stone piled on his tomb." This does not mean anything unless it means that Germany will take heart if the Democrats do well at the polls next autumn. Does Mr. Hays really believe such rubbish? Or did he just say it, because he thinks this is the way a chairman ought to talk, without believing it? Any way you take him you cannot help being sorry for Mr. Hays. Perhaps duty to his party curbs his intellect, perhaps he really has a mind when he is not trying to think like a National Committee Chairman.

THE American Defense Society is carrying on a campaign to secure 20,000,000 signatures to a pledge declaring a perpetual boycott of goods made in Germany. And Mr. Hurd, the chairman of the board of trustees of the society, explains further that "in the last analysis the real ground for this campaign is self defense." The American Defense Society and Mr. Hurd appear to have overlooked the fact that we have not lost the war against Germany. Americans who are not defeatists intend to prosecute the war until the German military policy is discredited and overthrown. They may, out of revenge or out of business interest, seek to perpetuate the commercial isolation of Germany, but they will not do this on the ground upon which the American Defense Society rests its argument. "Whenever a German article is bought by an American a certain percentage of its cost goes as a tax into the Prussian war chest," says Mr. Hurd. What the spirit of America predicts is that there will hereafter be no Prussian war chest. America and her Allies intend to establish a system of international control which neither Germany nor any other Power, whether possessed of a war chest or not, will ever dare to challenge. Not to fulfill this intention is to fall short of victory. The American Defense Society may be pessimistic about our ability to win the war, but is this a time for a loyal organization by plain implication to be proclaiming defeat?

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# Germany's Ultimate Offense

THERE is much in the communication of an Englishman, published elsewhere in this issue, which is worth the close attention of American readers, for it expresses an unorthodox and illuminating attitude towards British domestic controversies of today. But there is one passage in particular, whose interest is independent of the "Healing of England" and which concerns rather the healing of civilization itself than that of any one nation. The real measure of Germany's offense, our correspondent says, consists "in her ingrained determination not to permit a free meeting of minds between people and people." This indictment does not sound drastic, compared to the catalogue of crimes which forms the familiar stuff of war propaganda in all the Allied countries, but the offense, because it would not ordinarily be classified as an atrocity, is none the less serious and culpable. If the attitude and behavior of Germany has raised and continues to raise barriers against "the free meeting of minds between people and people," atrocities will eventually follow in the order of nature. She has been and is still guilty of an ultimate offense against civilization.

The indictment whether drastic or not is true: Greece, Rome, Christianity, the Catholic Church, the Reformation, the French Revolution, the democratic national state, and in general the technical progress of mankind have all contributed in different ways to the levelling of those barriers which not so long ago rendered impossible communication between the minds of different peoples. The work of building avenues of communication among the peoples gathered particular headway during the nineteenth century, and until its very end seemed to embody the dominant tendency of modern western civilization. Then Germany interfered and the interference was enormously effective, because it was so systematically and ruthlessly accomplished. The ruling class in Germany succeeded in perverting into tools of international animosity and exclusiveness many of those very agencies which had normally helped to break down the barriers between the minds of peoples. The national state, which, notwithstanding the arrogance of its underlying political theory, had in practice been adjusting itself to an international society, was declared to be released from international obligations. Science, which had done so much to create for mankind a common language and a common technique, was pressed into the service of this national egotism. Philosophy, which in democratic countries had been learning humility without losing faith in the creative power of ideas, was invoked as absolute justification for the new conscientious imperialism. The most efficient, the most knowing, the most self-consciously cohesive of modern nations became to its neighbors the most dangerous.

When during the early months of the war the malevolence of German nationalist absolutism was fully revealed, the most formidable barriers against confidential international communication were created in the minds of other nations as well as in that of Germany. German faithlessness and frightfulness have aroused the profound and stubborn suspicions with which every act and every overture either of the German government or of any organized party in Germany is greeted all over the world. The intense hatred which everything German excites among so many people in the enemy countries is the natural fruit of the hate propaganda which in the beginning of the war the German government deliberately fomented against the Russians and the English. In this and in other matters the germs of a decivilizing disease existed in other countries as well as in Germany, but the Germans cultivated the seed and set the example which so many of their enemies are now following. They have instructed the western nations in the art of using the very tools of civilization with which to dig its grave.

According to our correspondent it is still Germany's ingrained determination not to permit the free unity of minds between people and people, and this indictment also is true. The German government continues to use the mechanism and the language of international intercourse in order to prevent the intercourse itself from taking place. Its rulers talk about a negotiated peace and then refuse those initial concessions which by restoring confidence in their good faith could alone give reality to a negotiation and help it to contribute to international reunion. They have tried to convert the idea of peace and the mechanism of a peace conference into a means of winning the war and confounding their enemies. They are as opposed now as they were at Brest-Litovsk to any form of parliamentary or minority representation at the peace conference which would supplement the meeting of government agents with a renewal of mental commerce among peoples. They are as much determined as ever to prevent other nations from acquiring any confidence in their good faith and they use this lack of confidence as an excuse for raising in the minds of their own people additional barriers against international commerce in ideas.

What answer should be returned by the Allied nations to this attempt of Germany's to introduce a hopeless schism into the universe of international communication? Our correspondent answers this

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question in part by insisting on victory over the German government as a method of discouraging the German people from dealing dishonestly with other peoples in exchanging ideas. The answer is right, but is it sufficient? The victory over those in Germany who wish to prevent the minds of peoples from meeting must be associated with a similar victory in the Allied countries over those Americans, Frenchmen and Englishmen who also have become opposed to any freedom and honesty of international commerce in opinions. The one sure way to sterilize victory over a Germany which erects barriers against the meeting of the minds of peoples is to seek the victory or to follow it up by imitating Germany's own offensive. Whatever else the Allied nations are under obligation to do, they are supremely obliged to avoid the arrogant impotent exclusiveness and sheer treachery of opinion which underlie the German international policy. They cannot succeed in defeating the German attempt to poison international intercourse except by keeping alive among their own peoples the patient, tolerant, candid and ultimately conciliatory spirit by which alone Germany's sin against the Holy Ghost can be expiated. The Allied nations are the temporary trustees of civilization, conceived as one ultimate moral and social order. Severe as their provocation has been, they must not allow the Germans to provoke them into betraying their trust by being unfaithful to its underlying spirit.

If there ever was a time in the history of the world when it was practically necessary to avoid irreconcilability and exclusiveness of mind that time is the present and the near future. No one who understands the problems with which the peace conference will have to deal, can expect for one moment a voluntary agreement even among the Allies upon anything like a satisfactory solution of them. It would be just as reasonable to expect from the next Congress a satisfactory adjustment of our American domestic controversies as to expect any one international conference even to lay the foundations for a just and lasting peace. Any arrangements made by the conference to deal with specific territorial and economic problems will be experimental, and will require subsequent modification in the light of the experience gained by watching their operation. But such solutions will never have a chance of success unless they can be tried out in an atmosphere of general good faith, and there can be no atmosphere of good faith unless avenues of frank and free communication are opened both among governments and among the minds of peoples. The civilized nations cannot expect agreement after the war or anything like agreement, but, failing agreement, they will need more than ever before a willingness to submit to disagreements and to break their force by accepting them equably and by patiently seeking to whittle them away. They will need a certain moderation and humility of opinion, which accepts contradiction and error good-humoredly partly because they are not wholly convinced of their own infallibility, and partly because each of them sees the need of helping his own lack of certitude to build the international society which alone can really define and secure international right.

The war has made a meeting between the minds of peoples more difficult than formerly but also more necessary. It has very much increased the emotional obstacles in the way of confidential intercourse among nations, yet at the same time it has flooded the world with acute political and economic problems which demand an essentially international re-adjustment and consequently the advent of a large measure of international good faith. These problems can no longer be solved or even dealt with by diplomats and governments. All of them arouse intense popular feeling in some part of the world, and all of them will have to be adjusted in an atmosphere of popular interest and discussion. The Allied governments should recognize this inevitable condition and themselves insist upon supplementing at the peace conference a diplomatic negotiation by some means of enabling the minds of the peoples to meet. They should encourage the participation of parliamentary and popular minorities, whereby the avenues of international intercourse so grievously injured by the war, could be in some measure restored and as a consequence of the restoration make the danger less threatening of irreconcilable schism in the moral unity of western civilization.

## The Issue of Slavic Freedom

IT is natural for all men to appraise the issues of the great war with an eye to the achievement of their own national aspirations. We in America expect to win from the defeat of Germany a safer international order, under which we can work out more fully our democratic political system and apply the energies evoked by democracy to the perfecting of the arts of peace. The British see similar gains, and in addition relief from a naval and military rivalry that threatened to become ruinous. The French foresee relief from the gravest menace to their national independence, and what is even more vital, the righting of the wrong of 1871, which has rested depressingly upon the national consciousness as a fractured cranium may rest depressingly upon the consciousness of an individual. Italy expects from victory the achieve-

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ment of her national unification. All these are great gains, but without them America, Britain, France and Italy would survive as great nations. If the world war is to usher in a new epoch of history, it will not be on account of these gains, but rather on account of the revolution produced in the Slavic world. As we shall see, if we place ourselves at a point beyond our national interest, Slavic liberty is an issue of such vast importance as to dwarf all other gains to be derived from the overthrow of German power. At the same time, Slavic liberty is a guaranty that these other gains will be permanent.

Of the entire population of Europe, two-fifths are Slavs. Russia, though shorn of her border territories, retains a population of nearly 75,000,000; if the White Russians also were torn away, Russia would still have over sixty-five millions, a population greater than would remain to Germany deprived of Alsace-Lorraine and the Polish provinces. Ukraine has a population of 33,000,000; a united Poland would represent a population of 23,000,000; the Czecho-Slovaks number above 10,000,000; the Jugo-Slavs about 14,000,000; the Bulgars, Slavs in everything but name, 8,000,000, and the Rumanians, Latin in tongue, but prevailingly Slavic in blood and character, 10,000,000. Here is a whole galaxy of nations, every one of which has the territory, the population and the national self-consciousness prerequisite to a fruitful political development. And in this vast Slavic world, only the small fragments of the Jugo-Slav race represented by Serbia and Montenegro have been both independent and free. Bulgaria and Rumania—also mere fragments of their respective nations—have been independent, but under the rule of German princes aiming at political coordination with the German world. Russia has been independent, but under a monarchy prevailingly German in blood and morals, and Byzantine and German in tradition. Slavdom has been like a vast continent submerged. Under the cataclysm of war it is rising above the sea level, and the waters are flowing turbulently from its quaking surfaces. What its outlines will finally be we cannot tell with certainty, but we can only marvel at their grandiose proportions.

But if the war liberates the Slavic nations, what faith can we repose in their ability to maintain their freedom? Did not the Polish nation succumb to its own political incapacity rather than to the greed of the partitioning Powers? Did not the Russians prove themselves hopelessly corrupt under the autocracy, and are they not displaying political disorderliness now that they are attempting to create a democratic system? Were not the Slavic states of the Balkans centres of imperialistic intrigue? If all this is true—and nobody denies it—have we not ground for doubting that Slavdom will ever develop free institutions that are self-perpetuating?

Let us recall that the dogma of Slavic political incapacity was devised by German and Tsarist historians to justify the partition of Poland. The Polish constitution proved fatally weak, but our own constitution had to be mended by civil war. The Tsarist government was corrupt, but not more corrupt than the French government under the Grand Monarch and the Regency. The Russian revolution has been marred by outrage and massacre, but so also were the revolutions that ended despotism in England and France. The Balkan states have been hot-beds of intrigue, but what was to be expected of states that had their national union still to win, and by the grace of the Great Powers?

We know that the Slavic races are capable of generating great political leaders, whose talents have perforce been placed at the service of alien peoples. They are also capable of following their leaders with unwavering loyalty. Serbia's gallant record is no more disfigured by renegades than that of Belgium. The Czecho-Slovaks are fighting for their national rights with a tenacity that would be impossible without skilful leadership and a devoted following. The difficulties of the Germans in the Ukraine argue a people of independent spirit, and the Soviet republic in Russia is displaying remarkable survival power, in the face of German aggression and Allied suspicion, famine and industrial disorder and domestic political intrigue. Grant the free Slavic nations time; they will exhibit the usual measure of political instinct.

We have the more reason for trusting the Slavic nations because they are many, and, with the sole exception of Bulgaria, inclined toward mutual helpfulness. The Poles and the Czechs have made notable progress toward modern industrial technique, and would serve as examples to all the Slavic states of the benefits of economic self-sufficiency. Serbia, Bulgaria and Bohemia will exhibit the advantages of a secure peasant tenure of the land. Russia and the Ukraine have much to contribute in the way of cooperative institutions. Bohemian and Bulgarian zeal for education are worthy of emulation by the other states. We may safely anticipate as close a spiritual kinship among the Slavic nations as now obtains among the Latin nations. Against an attempt on the part of a non-Slavic state to subjugate any one of them, the Slavic nations, once securely grounded in their independence, would manifest a high degree of solidarity. They are, in fact, exhibiting solidarity now, Jugo-Slavs,

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Czecho-Slovaks and Poles combining in the struggle against Austria; Great Russians and Little Russians combining in opposition to the Germans and Germanizing parties of their own people.

There are no nations in the world that stand to win so much by the defeat of Germany as the Slavic nations. What they will gain is national life itself. But the world stands to gain in equal measure with the Slavic nations. With those nations firmly established the problem of Germany ceases to be insoluble. There will be, on the continent of Europe, collective military forces that no single state can defy. And their geographical distribution is such that it would thwart any tendency toward the formation of supernational empires. Poland, Russia and the Ukraine bar the direct road of Germany toward the east; toward the southeast the Germans would encounter the barriers of Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Rumania, with Czecho-Slovakia on their flank. We should hear no more of the political philosophy that divided the world into three mutually hostile supernational states, Anglo-Saxondom, the Teutonic block and the Chino-Japanese empire. Internationalism becomes a practical policy with the establishment of a wide range of true nations in the place of a small number of polyglot empires held together by force.

The nations in alliance against Germany are coming to see more clearly than ever before that if civilization is not to perish by war the system of absolute sovereignties must give way to an organized league of nations. But the members of such a league must be real nations, not states like Austria-Hungary, Turkey, the old Russian empire and Germany in which subject peoples are held down by force, with its logical concomitant, militarism. The liberation of the Slavic nations is thus a first prerequisite to the formation of a permanent system of internationalism.

When the war broke out in 1914 the nationalistic strivings of the Slavs appeared a mere incident to the great struggle. It was hoped that Russia would be liberalized by her association with the democratic nations, and that the lot of the Austrian Slavs would become more tolerable. History has since wrought out her own logic. Slav liberation has become the fundamental issue in the war. A peace which should leave Germany in control of Poland and the Ukraine, which should leave Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs under the yoke of the Dual Empire, would be a German peace, no matter what territorial concessions the Central Empires might make to France and Italy. Of this Allied statesmanship is now fully conscious. It may be trusted to persevere in the effort of war until the whole monstrous system of Slavic oppression has been destroyed.

# The Government as Employer

BY the President's veto the Borland amendment to the legislative appropriation bill has fortunately been killed. The history of this amendment is none the less instructive. Originating in an effort to increase the wages of the civil service employees of the government because of the increased cost of living, this amendment suddenly changed the character of the problem and proposed also to lengthen their working day. The question of what is a fair and reasonable wage was thus again, as it was in the case of the Adamson law, inextricably confused with the matter of determining legitimate working hours. The Congressional handling of the matter of both wages and hours has been unfortunate. The original proposal for larger wages in the civil service attempted to meet the problem with discrimination. The raises were to be on a percentage basis, graded with reference to the amount of present earnings. Those now getting least were to get the largest percentage of increase, until when the $3,000 salary was reached there was to be little if any increase. The measure was honestly devised to bring the lower wages up to an amount which makes decent living possible.

This bill was thrown over and the Borland amendment substituted. It gave an additional $120 a year to all federal employees receiving up to $2,500, who were in government employ prior to January 1, 1916. In addition it lengthened the working day by one hour, and while still requiring overtime work when necessary, it provided no special rate of overtime pay, although time-and-a-half rates are paid to all federal employees on the manual occupations for work in excess of the eight-hour day. In other words, an attempt which was begun to make wage increases commensurate with higher living costs degenerated into a meager ten per cent raise, accompanied by a fourteen per cent lengthening of hours.

It does no good to consider the reasons for this procedure, for none are to be found. Was the bill designed to secure more work from government clerks? Already departments had the right to and did require overtime work where the emergency demanded it, and this work was done gladly without extra compensation. Was the intention to save government funds? This bill entailed no saving; it rather potentially assumed larger outlays by making agitation for further increases inevitable. Was the intention to meet the increased cost of living? For employees who receive in the neighborhood of $1,000 the increase was to be ten per cent; for the $2,500 man it was to be less than five per cent. The various federal adjustment agencies, such as the

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Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, have been basing their wage determinations on an increase of over forty per cent in the cost of living since June of last year.

This bill is just another evidence of the thoroughly unsound procedure of determining by Congressional enactment the terms of industrial relations. For the Borland amendment is not an isolated case. In the present session the postal clerks have gone through a long campaign to secure a living wage in the teeth of the declared opposition of the Postmaster-General. The women employees of the bureau of engraving and printing have just finished a successful fight for a minimum wage of $920 a year, superseding a minimum of $500, which has prevailed for years. It has been one of the boasts of American industry—how justifiable we need not say—that it has kept politics out of business. The ideal of running business organizations on "business principles" has presumably kept efficiency in the ascendant. Yet, when it comes to governmental business the only way in which the workers can secure effective consideration of their problems has been to take them to Congress. Congressional action is traditionally slow. Congress is not a body chosen to solve industrial problems; its consideration of fundamentally economic difficulties in relation to the nation's business is necessarily affected by political influences. There is, indeed, no surer way to guarantee that politics will enter to impair the business morale and working efficiency of government departments than to say to their employees as in effect we do say: "Your real employer is Congress, because it holds the purse-string. In order to secure anything from your employer you will have to resort to all the political wire-pulling that the passage of federal legislation is likely to involve. The influences which weigh with Congress will not, in the nature of its being, have reference to any guiding principles as to a living wage, or the most efficient length of the working day, or the best working conditions as scientifically determined. The influences which weigh with your employer are more directly political in character. Pull the wires!"

Obedient to this injunction the workers have very properly exercised every legitimate influence to carry their point. When an especially controversial issue arises, such as the use of the stop watch in government plants, decisions have been reached not on a basis of legitimate evidence presented by the parties at interest, but by the use of political threats; and the merits of the case have been forgotten. This particular controversy happens at the present moment to have been temporarily settled in accordance with the union's wishes. The wages and hours difference has not. But the right or wrong of neither issue is here under consideration. It is rather the fumbling, clumsy way in which they are decided by a body preoccupied with other problems and not qualified either by its interest in the matter, its special equipment or its knowledge of the facts, to come to a sound conclusion.

What is the remedy? The government's manual employees in the arsenals and navy yards do not go to Congress to have piece prices or wage scales settled. The War and Navy Departments do not secure appropriations that pin them closely within a static wage limit. More latitude is allowed in order that wage rates may be fixed in relation to the rates prevailing in different localities, and in relation to the power of the unions to secure higher wage standards. Increases occur in response to trade union pressure, and because of local shortages of labor. In these cases a certain flexibility is assured, and it is possible to effect adjustment to each industrial situation as it arises. The department chief can within legitimate limits negotiate with his workers, and wages, instead of being set by Congressional enactment, are set by joint conference of those who possess technical knowledge and a direct interest which makes their judgments of value.

There must without question be an executive check upon expenditure. But that can be secured without retaining the present arrangement of legislating on critical production problems through the indirect medium of appropriation bills. Departments should submit estimates which give some reasonable margin for wage fluctuations; and the underlying principles governing the determination of wages and salaries should be settled in advance by joint conference between department heads and workers.

If the government wants to retain high grade employees, if it wants to command their allegiance and fullest energy, if it wants to conduct its business with any degree of efficiency and dispatch, it must delegate technical industrial problems to the decision of the parties at interest. Congress, as representing the taxpayers and consumers, clearly has an interest in supervising the expenditure of public moneys. But it can fulfill this responsibility best by establishing such a relationship as it has with the Railroad Administration and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The directive heads of both of these bodies are accountable for results, and that means, as it should in every government department, that they are charged with the work of adjusting technical questions of employment soberly in conference—not in the withering and often irrelevant heat of Congressional debate.

There are two obstacles to the extension of this

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kind of relation between Congress, department heads and civil service employees. One is the reluctance of department heads to act with their employees; an attitude which in one department has been so conspicuous that the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company could point to it in justification of his own undemocratic policy. The other is the lack of organization among federal employees which makes it possible for Congress to act with indifference to their interests as it did in accepting the Borland amendment. Congress is not likely to adopt a business-like and democratic method of dealing with government employees until the employees themselves insist upon it.

## The Process of Administration

AMERICA is parting hardly with its cherished suspicion of the expert. Its theory of egalitarian citizenship was perhaps adequate at a time when the state had not yet developed its modern and positive functions. But it is today more than obvious that the business of politics has become too complex to be left to the pretentious misunderstandings of the benevolent amateur. Even legislation has to a large extent lost its earlier importance. What is vital to day is less the principles that are to be applied than the processes evolved for their application. It is becoming the business of Congress, even where, as in finance, the evolution comes but slowly, to indicate general purpose. The executive is more and more coming to regard itself as the organ by which that purpose shall be translated into the event.

We are witnessing the growth of a new and decisive technique. Governmental methods are ceasing to be the accidental discovery of an unconscious psychologist. We have arrived at the state where, from a solid body of tabulated knowledge, certain scientific conclusions can be drawn. Governmental finance, for example, is already a science which well may occupy the earnest labor of a lifetime. Certain methods of taxation may definitely be dismissed as bad. Certain systems of accounting may definitely be dismissed as inadequate. A budget demands such and such a legislative procedure and no other. The relation of the civil servant to the head of his department is a matter where guiding rules can already be formulated. We have much unused but usable wisdom on the relation of the permanent executive to the legislative power. The modern administrator is so rapidly becoming a technical expert that the day when the citoyen fonctionnaire was a plausible conception seems already almost past.

We are bound to have, here as in Great Britain, one great change so far-reaching in character as to demand more than passing note. What has been popularly called administrative law has hitherto been almost entirely a law of public officers. A secretary of state, a federal judge, a sheriff have had such and such powers defined by law; and where those powers seemed to have been used in excess resort could be had to the courts. We have reached a critical epoch in this regard. It is being increasingly found that the growing complexity of governmental business renders the ordinary process of law too slow and too little flexible to be capable of effective application. Government, that is to say, is being compelled more and more to ask for special rights in this regard. It needs judicial authority of its own if its efficacy is not, at every step, to be impeded. The critical moment in the history of this attitude was the Ju Toy case. The Supreme Court decided that it could not review the decision of the secretary of commerce, as he then was, in relation to his powers over immigration. Since then, both here and in England, the volume of this tendency has grown enormously; and the sphere that has been withdrawn from the critical eye of ordinary law is already significantly large.

It is, on the whole, a change that will make for good; at any rate it is the experience of every country with efficient administration that some such development is essential. But it is important to consider the grounds upon which this novel power is to be based. We have grown so accustomed to the idea of complete judicial control that where new mechanisms of justice are in process of erection uncertainty may well result in danger. The great problem that is raised is, of course, the combination of independence with responsibility. No one objects to the assumption of new powers; the real problem is to prevent their abuse. It would be lamentable indeed if the interests of administrative efficiency resulted in administrative irresponsibility. The sovereign power of the state has already given to it a certain privilege to defy the ordinary rules of law which has had results that are far from satisfactory. It is difficult to accept the oft-made assertion that administration is so specialized a process that the judicial mind cannot cope with its problems. The real question is not the nature of the administrative process but the limitation of powers that have been conferred upon certain men. If they step beyond their domain, there is no reason in the world why they should enjoy indemnity. If power is given to an education authority to prosecute inquiries which affect the interests of private citizens, the obvious implication of that power is that the inquiry should be so conducted as to result,

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*a priori*, in substantial justice. To refuse the courts the power of judicial review on the ground that they cannot understand the administrative process is to suggest that the latter is a mystic knowledge which only a few possess and which the public gaze would harm. We cannot allow the modern administrator to make himself the ancient priest in larger terms. The law must scan his actions with the same patient impartiality with which it scans the action of a private citizen. There ought to be no presumption in favor of the state. The paths the state may tread must be open and not secret. The whole difference between a democracy and a bureaucracy lies there.

In this aspect it is greatly to be hoped that we shall profit from the immense experience of France. The centralization completed by the Revolution gave France an administrative law far earlier than any other European country. In its earlier days, the system worked badly and without inherent justice. The fonctionnaire was so obviously regarded as sacrosanct that appeal to the administrative tribunal was virtually hopeless. Within the last twenty-five years, however, there has been an important effort after reform. The state is, gradually indeed, but without retrogression, being made a responsible corporate personality, living, to be sure, still very largely by a law of its own administered by special courts, but a law which is being increasingly approximated to the recognized principles of private justice. The infallibility which is the inarticulate major premise of state-irresponsibility has already been overthrown. If the administration issues its orders, it must be prepared to discuss their juristic content. And that, surely, is reasonable enough. Because administration is a technical science, it does not involve the abandonment on our part of judgment about its results. If we do not question Mr. Hoover's methods, we still feel anxiety about what he achieves; and where anxiety reaches the point of scepticism it is into the methods that inquiry must be made.

It is surely to this experience we must refer for the basic principles of our own effort. The fact simply is that the traditional separation of powers has broken down. Mr. Justice Holmes has significantly admitted that the courts do and must legislate. That executive power partakes of the nature of both the judiciary and the legislature will be obvious to every accurate observer. We may indeed, if we will, explain all this away by means of fiction; with a theory of implicit delegation an agile mind can do much. But in any realistic analysis to defend the separation of powers is little less than pathetic antiquarianism. What we need now is something more than regrets. The evolution of administrative science has not yet advanced so far that we cannot guide its purpose into channels that safeguard the necessary implications of democracy. It is not an easy task. It involves a readjustment of the changing balance between executive and legislature. We have to make congressional control effective without admitting its unneeded interference. We must give to our administrators the full powers they demand while we exact the fullest responsibility for their exertion.

The analysis of constitutional change is at no time an easy task; and certainly the number of first-class observers, men of the stamp of de Tocqueville and Bagehot, is almost pathetically small. But this is work of a kind that is becoming increasingly important as the state extends its functions. If the nation is to be made a social laboratory we must have behind our detailed specialists a band of men who can see beyond the myriad diverse facts of the administration process to the great principles by which they are to be informed. In France and in Germany, to a less extent in England, this has been notably accomplished by the universities. It is not yet true of America. The one outstanding treatise that has been so produced dealt with a foreign government. We have technical treatises in abundance, but analysis, interpretation, judgment, seem on every hand wanting. Here, surely, is a work it is the special business of our graduate schools to produce. The professional politician has not the perspective required for the task; the judge, from the nature of his position, lacks the adequate opportunity. It is essentially in the universities that the task must be undertaken. There could be no more splendid work than the building up of a body of men prepared to treat government as a science and apt at its interpretation. There could be no more certain guaranty of democratic permanence.

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# Captain Smith—77

A MOST distinguished person walked into the ante-room of the office of a bureau chief in the War Department. He strode in, and gave his name. He was a Senator of the United States. He was a Democratic Senator. And he wished to see the bureau chief. He would see him at once. His tone said that he would see him at once. And his tone explained the reason. He was the Anointed of the People, and he would see this bureaucrat straight off.

The Major who rose to meet him and to take his name was a bit disturbed. The bureau chief, the General, was very much engaged. He was engaged in a conference with a certain delegation of manufacturers who had come to Washington by appointment for this very day and for this very hour to discuss the reasons for a certain disastrous delay in the manufacture of a certain essential war-commodity. Did the Senator have an appointment?

The Senator did not have an appointment. He said so, and added that he would like to have his presence announced to the General immediately. Very well then. The Major would announce him and return with an answer. In the meantime, would the Senator have a seat?

No, the Senator would not have a seat. He would pace the ante-room majestically for the few seconds which would elapse before he was admitted to the General's office. Such was the tone of his pace. I watched it. It was the pace of Louis the Fourteenth about to say to a courtier: "I have almost had to wait."

I said to myself: "Now we shall see! If this political bully can break up that conference, we are back where we were. If he has to wait, we have advanced."

But he had to do more than wait. The Major returned. He did look embarrassed. The General could not leave the conference. And he could not shorten it. It would last a long time. And then the General had another appointment. He would be busy all the morning. Very sorry. Most regretful. But no spare time till afternoon. So would the Senator be good enough to make an appointment for some time in the afternoon or for some time the next day?

Most certainly not. The Anointed of the People had been exposed to an act of lèse majesté at the hands of a federal employee. He perceived his duty. His resentment was sublime. "If the General cannot see me, I have nothing to say." And he strode out, with no interview had, and with no appointment made, leaving behind him two morals.

The first is that we are making some progress toward doing business at Washington by appointments and not by hit-or-miss invasions of people's offices. Those invasions should be prohibited by general consent or else by deliberate posted regulations. In the course of fifteen months of war pretty nearly everybody at Washington (below the grade of Cabinet Member) has lost anywhere from a total of a week to a total of a month, or more, sitting in ante-rooms. It is a case often of victim and of vampire. The victim, a man perhaps of great importance, sits in the ante-room looking at the wall, while the vampire, a man perhaps of no importance at all, and with no appointment whatsoever, is inflicting an unexpected and chatty and useless visit upon a departmental head. The vampire is frequently a journalist.

I got a good lesson once on this point from Mr. Arthur Henderson, when he was a member of the English War Cabinet. I had asked him for an appointment. He wrote to me fixing a time some four days ahead. And he asked me to send him a little schedule of the questions I intended to ask him. I was amused and I was outraged by this adventure in English slowness; but it saved time.

I wrote out my little schedule and sent it to Mr. Henderson. On the appointed day, at the appointed hour, which was three fifteen, I went to his office. I was admitted to his presence at three fifteen. He had granted me forty-five minutes. He drew out my little schedule from a drawer. He drew out, along with it, a set of dictated answers. He elaborated on those answers conversationally. I asked him supplementary questions. He answered them. I did not need to see him four times. I saw him once. He had made up his mind what he wanted to say, and he said it. And at four o'clock precisely the next visitor came in, and Mr. Henderson rose, and I took my hat. I was converted to the appointment system. It saves time and it keeps the noses of visitors glued to the real questions of their visits because they know that in just so many minutes the next visitor will be announced.

Our Senator's experience was an indication, it was one of a multitude of indications, that our administrators of Washington are gradually abandoning the county-court-house here-I-am-and-any-elector-can-interrupt-me method of doing business and are making substantial progress toward a

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stringent saving of their official energy. The President is much criticized for never seeing anybody. And perhaps it would be indeed nice if he could sometimes find just a minute or two to see Major Generals who have returned from France with first-hand information difficult to commit to paper. But, really, it would be better to see actually nobody than everybody. The President perhaps errs, but he errs in the right direction.

And the second moral left behind him by our Senator, our Democratic Senator, is even more reassuring. It is a moral in the field of really ethical morals. It indicates the quite astonishing degree to which political influence has been subordinated to technical efficiency in the conduct of the war and in the organization of our army for foreign service. Mr. Baker sometimes fails as a business man. He has not failed as a patriot. The inefficiency which springs from undue political influence has received from him the greatest check in our military history; and this point in his policy is again illustrated, and illustrated magnificently, by General March's recent order requiring every American officer up to the grade of brigadier-general, to carry a terrible scientific card on which, from the hands of his purely military superiors, he receives a purely military and non-political technical "rating."

This "rating" system is one of the novelties and curiosities of the war. We have never before had anything like it, in method. It was devised by Walter Dill Scott, formerly a professor in psychology at Northwestern University and now Director of the War Department's Committee on the Classification of Personnel. Dr. Scott's proficiency in psychology might lead one to fear that he would "rate" our officers by means of ergographs and electric currents and nerve-reactions and lists of memorized numerals and other psychological laboratory-tests. But he is guiltless. His "rating" system, now being applied to all our officers throughout all our camps, is based absolutely on "practical" comparisons between man and man and not at all on "theoretical" deductions from laboratory-tests or, for that matter, from examination-papers. Laboratory-tests and examination-papers will weed out the feeble-minded and will perform various other services. But our "rating" system for the promotion of our sound-minded and sound-bodied officers to higher grades is a genuinely man-among-men system.

Besides which, it is a fascinating game. Imagine yourself a Major. It is your duty to "rate" all the Captains who are your subordinates. You proceed as follows:

First, you make a "rating-*scale*." You make a "rating-scale" for each of the five considerations on which you are going to "rate" your subordinates. These considerations are: Physical Qualities, Intelligence, Leadership, Personal Qualities, and General Value to the Service. The greatest number of "points" which you can give to any subordinate for General Value to the Service is 40. The greatest number you can give him for any one of the other four considerations is 15. The greatest possible total of "points," therefore, for the perfect officer, is 100.

You begin, we will say, with Leadership. You are about to make a "rating-scale" for Leadership. You think of the officers you know, of your own rank. You think of Majors. These Captains will be, or will not be, promoted to Majors. Among the Majors in your acquaintance, which one would you pick out as ranking highest, in your estimation, for Leadership, for "ability to command the obedience and the cooperation of other men"? You mark him down at the top of your Leadership "scale." He is the maximum. He is 15.

Now, among all the Majors you know, which one is worst for Leadership? And which one is "just about average"? You mark down the average Major, in the middle of your scale, at 9. You mark down the worst Major, at the bottom, at 3. You now have a scale for Leadership, and it is made not of theories but of Majors. It is made of flesh and blood.

Whereupon, equipped with this scale, you proceed to rate Captain Smith. You find that for Leadership, in your estimation, he is far above Major Black, at the bottom, and quite a bit above Major Gray in the middle, but clearly not altogether the man that Major White is at the top. Yet he approaches Major White, who is 15. You give him, we will say, 14.

For Intelligence, having made an Intelligence scale, consisting again of Majors, you give Captain Smith perhaps only 8. Captain Smith is not brilliant. He has no conspicuous "ease in learning." And on Physical Qualities you can give him only 8. But on Personal Qualities, such as "industry" and "loyalty" and "readiness to shoulder responsibility for his own acts," he compares favorably with any Major you have ever met. You would like to give him 16. But there is no 16. You give him 15. And on General Value to the Service, taking him all in all, especially on the question "whether or not he can arrive quickly at a *sensible* decision in a crisis," you decide, after comparing him with the Majors in your General Value scale, to give him 32, which is only eight short of the best.

Captain Smith's total then is 77. It is a high total. The normal total is 60. That is, if a man

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gets the average rating, the middle rating, in each of the five rated considerations, his final totaled rating will be four 9's plus a 24—which is 60. Your average officer is 60. Captain Smith, with all his defects in verbal memory and in chest-measurement, is well above the average. He might not shine at examinations. He might not shine at laboratory-tests. And he might make a less than an average impression, at first sight, on a new commander in a new camp. But here you have a rating-system which is not academic and which is not, nevertheless, merely impressionistic. It is a really human record, put into a scientific statement.

Captain Smith carries his card with him to his next camp. And he carries it with him to France. General Pershing has particularly requested that every officer sent over shall bring his card with him. It goes in an envelope, sealed; and the officer delivers it, immediately on arrival, to his next superior. It does not determine his promotion. That is, it does not foreordain it. This system is not in any way a Chinese system. Captain Smith's rating, made by his Major and then revised by his Colonel, is not in itself conclusive to his superiors, but it is an element and it will be an increasing element, in their dealings with him.

And it is beautifully conclusive to Senators and especially to Democratic Senators and to other most distinguished persons conscious of their political importance.

Captain Smith's card, in duplicate, goes to Washington. It lies there in the War Department. So does Captain Jones's. Captain Jones is only 25, in his rating. The Adjutant General's Office knows that he is only 25. And when a Senator or a Congressman comes to intervene on Captain Jones's behalf and begins to describe him as the darling of his regiment and the hero of his regimental mess, the answer is ready and irresistible. Without this card, the War Department could only say that it preferred its own personal preference to the Senator's personal preference. With it, the War Department stands on figures. And yet the figures, most happily, are personal preference, too—the personal preference of military persons, reached by a systematized comparison of military personalities in the field.

We chose the officers for our new army with marvellously little politics. We are going to promote them with marvellously little politics. Mr. Baker is a good deal of a politician in some ways, with a good deal of the timorousness of the politician; and our utmost of admiration for him must often be expressed in the words of a penetrating subordinate of his who happily remarked that " Mr. Baker almost always gets his base on balls "; but in the matter of the mass of our fighting officers, and in the matter of the contracts for the supplies which those officers and their men will use against the Germans, Mr. Baker has gone boldly and forthrightly farther beyond politics than any other Secretary of War known to us by memory or by memoir.

And his bureau chiefs are aware of it. And they can, if they will, postpone contract-talking Senators to contract-working manufacturers and even to journalists, if the journalists have, as they should have, appointments from ten twenty-five to ten thirty-five precisely.

WILLIAM HARD.

# War and the Woman's College

"THE only women that the authorities over here really want are the trained nurses. Where do college women come in? Yet college men started the American Ambulance."

This remark was made the second year of the war by a distinguished college woman who had just come up to Rome from Corfu where she had been aiding in the resuscitation of the Serbians after their magnificent retreat. Having already served in two wars, speaking modern Greek, and being an English citizen by marriage, she had rare things to offer and was given the rare chance that comes only to those who are ready. But she felt even then that there ought to be a place in Europe for the work of American college women and she longed deeply to see them ranged by the side of their brothers of the American Ambulance doing something worthy.

This desire lay close to the hearts of many college women the first two years of the war. They had no feeling, of course, that the individual college woman had more to give than other women, and they recognized the many ways already existing in which they could help. But they had a conviction that there were dynamic elements in the college organizations themselves—great loyalties, deep affections, pride, gratitude—that might be capitalized to splendid ends. And they felt profoundly that the women's colleges ought to bear their full share of strain.

And so when the call came for aid in the civilian districts of northern France it was no surprise to those who knew her best that this woman should come forward at once and ask her college to send a reconstruction unit to those districts. Thus came about the Smith College Reconstruction Unit, now an old story. It was got together, equipped and dispatched in an incredibly short time considering

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the innumerable details to be worked out. The unit was received gratefully by France; it was assigned to an important region; it has done its faithful best; it has made, we feel, a contribution.

It was the dream of its founder, who was also its first director, that the Smith unit might have the good fortune to blaze a trail for other colleges and that eventually there might be a service for American college women similar to that for American college men though necessarily less dangerous and sacrificial. Happily this has come about in large measure. The idea, once started, spread rapidly and aroused great enthusiasm. Undreamed of resources developed. Wellesley at once organized and sent a reconstruction unit, Radcliffe joining in. Barnard is sending a unit as rapidly as passages can be secured. Vassar, in addition to arduous plans of another sort that might well excuse her undertaking anything else, is nevertheless getting ready a reconstruction unit. Two intercollegiate units of this type are in process of formation and other intercollegiate combinations are sure to follow made up of members of colleges hardly large enough or rich enough to send independent units. Bryn Mawr formed a service corps early in the war to be used as need arose. College canteens have been formed also. Barnard has sent one. Smith has sent one. Other colleges have them under consideration.

But now a second stage has been reached and another type of war service is being developed by the women's colleges. There are at least two elements common to all, the utilization of the college plant itself for summer work and the expectation that those who train will devote themselves as a rule to our own soldiers as they come back, or, if not directly to our soldiers, to our resources at home.

Vassar is a pioneer here. For months she has been laying careful plans for a great summer camp for training nurses. The work to be done in the summer is highly intensive and will swing the candidates a long way on their path. They are then to be sent to hospitals all over the country where they will complete their training and at the same time relieve others. The value of this plan is too obvious to need remark. Never in the world has any woman been so wanted as the trained nurse is wanted now. Vassar is responding to an urgent petition.

Wellesley, too, is responding to an urgent petition. The Women's Land Army of America has asked her to undertake to train leaders of camps for women agricultural workers in order to meet the acute labor and food shortage for next year. It is proposed to establish a large number of these camps and the training of leaders is imperative. In her own training camp this summer, which will reproduce the features of the later camps, Wellesley is to work out the most effective and economical form of camp, standardize the type of instruction and plan a coordinated scheme capable of rapid extension to the whole country. (Among other things, she is going to experiment in coordinating the size and type of farm implements with woman's physique.)

The agricultural unit managed by college women was really initiated last year by Barnard College's experiment in Bedford, N. Y. This unit had a special feature; it was recruited in large part from working girls of New York City and used college women as leaders and supervisors. This unit still goes on and has established a small camp under the same management.

The colleges that are training nurses and agricultural units have every encouragement from the government. It is probable that the competent among their students will be used as rapidly as they are ready and doubtless in positions that carry remuneration, though this is not the incentive.

But there are several other forms of training contemplated that are in the nature of new experiments. They are particularly significant because, while they will serve war needs, they look quite specifically toward that future after the war that we cannot discern now even dimly but that we are bound to dream about and work for.

Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr and Smith are the colleges concerned here. Mt. Holyoke is to occupy herself with women in industry. Her summer course is designed to train leaders to look after the health of women in industrial plants. Some months ago the government appointed a highly trained college woman, a physician, to have charge of the health of all women in government industries. This course belongs, in the main, in the department of preventive medicine, and has infinite possibilities.

Bryn Mawr is about to begin a year's graduate course that also concerns women in industry. This is to be carried on in cooperation with some of the large industrial institutions in New England and Pennsylvania. The course is a combination of theoretical work given at the college and ample practical experience, or field work, in these institutions. Its object is to train leaders for industrial plants. The first group will begin its training this summer; two other groups will be trained during the year. This course has important bearings on the future.

Smith College, while not a pioneer in the work it is to initiate this summer, is about to launch an experiment that is perhaps more of a hazard than any of these others because the field in which it is to work is itself in its infancy. Smith is to have a

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training school in psychiatric social work. It is to be conducted in conjunction with the Boston Psychopathic Hospital under a subcommittee of the National Committee of Mental Hygiene. This subcommittee is made up of four well known psychiatrists and the president of Smith College. There will be two months of lecture work at the college combined with clinical work in the hospitals of the neighborhood, and followed by six months of practical work in different hospitals that maintain a psychiatric department. Students may select hospitals near their homes if they wish. Three principal courses are offered; one in applied psychology, one in sociology and one in social case methods. This school is for graduates, but also for others that have had technical experience.

"We shall be in great need of social workers who have been trained in psychiatric work," states one of the committee. "The work of the psychiatrist, the medical man, is not sufficient. We need a corps which will act as a sort of clearing house for all the problems confronting the shell-shocked man. We need people who have specialized not only in the usual field of social work but who have made an intensive study in psychiatry." This specialist adds that if he can make use of a sufficient number of aids of this sort so that he may be freed to give himself to the part that he alone can do, he can treat some three hundred cases a day.

"What in the world is psychiatry?" many asked when the plan was first proposed. Used in this connection it covers all forms of mental disorder, from the light nervous shock to insanity in a serious form. The term "shell shock" has come to be a sort of blanket term covering all kinds of mental and nervous disorders.

Here then is another field for women who want to help in the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers, not only in the hospital, but later, when all sorts of work will be needed in order to get men back into the social system in some normal line. It is a field suggestive of the trained nurse's yet quite different.

This is the immediate object of Smith's plan. But an added interest lies in the fact that almost all modern methods of dealing with civic problems, from the training of little children in the home and school, to the most complicated of provisions for the well being of citizens in all lines, are based on this type of training, or should be. The need for trained social workers will be even greater after the war, and no social problem can be adequately worked out without some knowledge of applied psychology.

The women's colleges are giving all sorts of special courses and amplifying their regular courses that train for government needs, such as chemistry, bacteriology and other science courses. And college women in large numbers have gone to France with the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A. or into the countless associations over there. But this is a somewhat different matter. It is the part played by the woman's college as an organization that this article is interested in.

To those who have watched the growth of women's colleges for many years, this their latest expression is gratifying in the extreme. For years we had to devote ourselves to securing the same opportunities for women as for men. That period is, happily, long past. But of late men have been telling us that we have done nothing original, that we have lost great chances, that we spend all our force imitating men's colleges and proving that we are their equals. Or, as a leading educator picturesquely put it some years ago, "The women's colleges seem to spend all their energy trying to show that John and Jane are precisely alike, *especially Jane!*" This is witty and there was, at one time, truth in it. But it scarcely holds now. Or, if it does, it is because of the assumption that men, having had many generations, centuries even, in which to work out educational problems, have presumedly arrived at something intelligent enough to serve the other half of humanity. Especially as most of us feel that the college of liberal arts ought to train mental power and not specific professional aptitudes.

But all educational systems and ideas are now in the melting pot; no one can foresee the result. One thing seems clear, however, so far as the woman's college of liberal arts is concerned. It is not likely to specialize much in the domestic vocations, though when men talk of an "original contribution" this is generally what they have in mind. Those vocations will be recognized and there will be provision for them, some, perhaps, at the colleges we are speaking of, but more at colleges planned for that purpose. The more kinds of colleges for women the better. Each has a place. We do not want Jane precisely like John but neither do we want Jane precisely like Julia.

Certain of the experiments that this war has generated seem to many of us to foreshadow a few at least of the lines in which the women's colleges will move. They will send their graduates more and more into the professions and the industries, and into those forms of social work that help to make life more rational and wholesome for all. And when the suffrage is extended widely, as it probably will be soon, the opportunities for women to serve their country not only with zeal but with intelligence are really thrilling to contemplate. The colleges will move slowly at first and in the dark, but when the call comes they mean to be ready.

GRACE A. HUBBARD

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# Paris

AMERICA must take account of the symbolic meaning of Paris as an outstanding fact of French psychology. She has taken account of it. In this strange heartbeat of the night that reaches my comfortable bed—just as the guns of Verdun and all the other great offensives have made themselves felt, an almost imperceptible breath in the small hours—America's guns have their share. Even now, travelling through the darkness towards Neuilly in our ambulances, go our young veterans, armless, eyeless, choking with gas, and blind, exactly as the veterans of Mons and Verdun have gone before them. Those who yesterday lay stoically on their stretchers along the corridors waiting for operation must tomorrow be packed on trains to make way for the new hundreds. The city of tents on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne must yield up its quota. Even the officers in the little hospital of the rive gauche must leave their blue rooms and their steamer chairs in the geranium decked courtyard—Paris has become a great evacuation centre.

Throb, throb—and the sound gradually ebbs away. A crack of daylight—I open my curtain. The garçon de café opposite has paused in his white aproned rolling-up of iron shutters to read the Matin. A working-girl passes with her nose in a paper. Next an old gentleman in gray spats, and an American private—both lost in the news. "Better or worse?" How can I help shrieking down from my fifth floor: "Is it worse or better?"

"Plutôt mieux," answers Charles, bringing my rolls and jam. "We have counter-attacked." What right have I to rolls and jam?

Never was such intense and exquisite weather. The air is gold and light, the sky brilliantly soft and blue, the sun burning hot on the wooden pavements, the shadow of the gray arcades along the Rue de Rivoli cool as crystal. The gray-green spring with its delicate yellow flowers has turned into glowing summer. Red roses on midinettes' breasts to tempt the American soldier; red roses at street corners, red strawberries and cherries on pushcarts. Women with carmine lips buying pink collars at the stalls outside the Galeries and foolish little dolls to charm off the Gothas—Ninette and Rintintin. Red taxis laden to the roof with luggage; Red Cross flags, Red Cross uniforms, Red Cross camions. Outside the headquarters the latter stand in rows—full of packing cases, full of nurses—as doctors distribute gas masks, the camion drivers read Paris-Midi. *Are they any nearer?* Again every passer-by is lost in a journal. Even the privates of the Signal Corps, playing baseball in the noon hour in the Tuileries Gardens stop some times to take a look at "The Stars and Stripes." The demoiselles de magasin, sitting on little iron chairs and eating their lunch out of paper packages, comment admiringly on these broad-shouldered sweethearts, who occasionally dart up to proffer a greeting in argot.

"Pretty much at home," says the Lieutenant just back from the front, as he leads the way towards the best restaurant on the Champs Elysées.

Yes, we Americans are pretty much at home in Paris now. We have a right here. There is no condescension in the accent of the Maître d'hôtel at the restaurant des Ambassadeurs.

"Melon, sir? Sturgeon, sir?—one only gets it two or three times a year, sir."

The Lieutenant orders melon, sturgeon and champagne. Outside the hedge that shelters this perfection, the chestnut trees and the benches, where fluffy children used to watch Mr. Punch and lovely ladies used to preen their parasols, are sprayed with dust from heavy military camions. The young ladies who sit on the benches now are tawdry, the babies who play about are grimy little refugees. From the windows of hotels and private houses loom the bandaged heads of the wounded. Luckily the Lieutenant does not look through the green screen. He carried one of his men three miles on his back yesterday—but he does not tell me that. He gazes blissfully at the spotless cloth, at the red roses and red awnings, and he yields up his hundred francs with a murmur of praise for the arts of Paris. But just as we start a woman thrusts La Liberté through the hedge. The Marines are attacking.

L'Intransigeant, La Liberté—another raucous, breathless newspaper hour, the hour of the afternoon communiqué. The people on the boulevards walk like inchworms, digesting a paragraph with each inch. Nobody speaks—they have advanced a little...

At the Gare du Nord are refugees pouring into the Red Cross canteen with wizened little babies, unwashed for five days; unwieldy bundles and wretched dogs tied with a dirty string. They drop down at the great laden tables and thrust their poor swollen feet towards the Red Cross nurses for bandaging; yet not all of them are poor by any means. Here is a distinguished old gentleman who asked the way to the Comptoir d'Escompte and is grieved to remember that it is after banking hours.

"Our mayor," he confides sadly, "issued an evacuation order, stating that the Germans might enter the town at any time. Even if this were true, Madame, it should never have been said—that a Frenchman should say such a thing, I cannot get over it."

In my hotel courtyard, with its tubs of flowers

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and iron tables, a group of American aviators, smart, sunburnt, purged of sentiment, are drinking cocktails on the strength of orders for the front.

"Did you know Jack was killed? The best of the bunch. What show can we go to tonight?"

Yes, night is here again, or rather the long, blooming summer twilight that lasts till half past ten. Over the strident sound and colors and anxieties of the day it drops like balm, drops from a soft grey sky shot with rose and yellow, bathing the Seine and its springing bridges, brooding over the delicately massed roof-line of the Louvre glooming on the gardens, where sculptured trees and tender nudes blend their genres in a wrapped dream of beauty. In the dream, sharing it, walk France and America—together, and not alien. Yet there is a private standing alone. What does he see? A stone basin, an obelisk, an arch with a sharp sliver of new moon above it. Arizona taking the measure of Napoleon! Can Arizona save Paris? Must these lovely stones—fragile as Venetian glass they look to our eyes tonight—be sacrificed in the process?

"If need be," says the young man beside me, who loves Paris as his own. He has lived with the Germans in Brussels—he knows what it would be to see them here. What does this new brand of young American not know about Europe—many things certainly that Henry James and Whistler never learned through years of eager application. The new type has a right to speak of the distances of Europe. *Paris must not be taken.*

Darkness falls. The long vista to the Arc de Triomphe is pricked with green and yellow lights—the stage is set for a raid. In another half hour the heavens will be alive with light and the shrubberies cracking with shrapnel. The translucent screen of beauty that has interposed itself for two hours between us and the front again turns plate glass. From the night comes the voice of a French officer talking with an American friend. "Peace? buy an inglorious peace with Paris—can Germany believe it? Athens was destroyed, Florence was devastated by the Spaniards and her beautiful ring of circling villas razed to the ground. History repeats itself. We should have no joy in our houses, in our Louvre, in our Notre Dame if to save them we had to consent to peace. But how we shall love them, Colonel—or what remains of them—if a noble battle waged by your troops and ours together saves them for us."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Paris, June 13th.

# The Education of Joan and Peter

## I

## The Guardian Comes Home from Africa

ON the second day after his return to England from Africa, in the year 1903, Oswald Sydenham put himself into a leisurely train at Waterloo station for Limpsfield in Surrey. He was going to see two children, Peter Stubland and his foster sister Joan, who had been left to his guardianship by the death of Peter's parents.

Oswald was at a crisis in his life, and he was doing his best, as he sat in the train watching the trim little fields run by, to digest some thoroughly disagreeable facts. His London specialist had but confirmed his own conviction. It was no longer possible for him to continue in Africa. He had reached the maximum of blackwater fever permitted to normal men. The next bout—if there was a next bout—would kill him. He had come back therefore to a land where he had now no close friends and no special occupations, and once more he had to begin life afresh.

For some time he had been distressed by the general ignorance in England of the realities of things African, and by the general coarsening and deterioration, as he held it to be, of the imperial idea. There was much over here that needed looking into, he felt, and when it was looked into then the indications for further work might appear. Why not, so far as his powers permitted, do something in helping English people to realize all that Africa was and might be? That was something he could do, and live; in Africa there was little more for him to do but die. But he found great difficulty in facing his new conditions. The lurking fever in his blood kept him in a state of aimless, feverish impatience.

He was comporting himself as much as possible like some pleasant leisurely man of the world with no obligation or concern but to make himself comfortable and find amusement in things about him. He was doing his best to feel that there was no hurry about anything, and no reason whatever for getting into a state of mind. Perhaps he was going to settle down in London. Or perhaps in the country somewhere. A life now of wise lounging and judicious, temperate activities it had to be. He must not fuss.

He had spent the previous day walking about London, talking about politics and the New Imperialism of the South African War with two or three acquaintances he had met at his club, and trying to be calm over the newspapers and magazines. But when one is ill and tired as Oswald was, all that one reads in the newspapers and magazines is wrong and exasperating. And the year 1903 was the time when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain returned from South Africa to launch his Tariff Reform agitation. Oswald was temperamentally a Free Trader. The whole press, daily, weekly, monthly, was full of the noises of the controversy. It impressed him as a controversy almost intolerably mean. His Imperialism was essentially a romantic and generous imagination, a dream of service, of himself serving the Empire and of the Empire serving mankind. The tacit assumption underlying this most sordid of political campaigns that the Empire was really nothing of

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the kind, that it was an adventure in exploitation, a national enterprise in the higher piracy, borrowing a faded picturesqueness from the scoundrelism of the Elizabethan and Jacobean buccaneers, who started the British slave trade and the Ulster trouble and founded no Empire at all except the plantations of Virginia and Barbadoes, distressed and perplexed his mind almost unendurably. It was so maddingly plausible. It was so manifestly the pathway to destruction.

For some years he had gone about his work with very few doubts. He had been too busy. But now ill-health had conspired with external circumstances to expose him to questionings about things he had never questioned before. They were very fundamental doubts. They cut at the roots of his life. He was beginning to doubt whether the Empire, this Empire to which his life had been given, was indeed as good a thing and as great a thing as he had assumed it to be. . . .

This did not make him any less an Imperialist than he had been, but it sharpened his imperialism with a sense of urgency that cut into his mind.

Altogether Oswald had now given nearly eighteen years to East and Central Africa. The tidying-up of Africa, in which he had played so active a part, was indeed one of the most rapid and effective tidyings-up in history. In the late eighties the whole of Africa from the frontiers of lower Egypt down to Rhodesia had been a world of chaotic adventure and misery, a black world of insecure barbarism invaded by the rifle and the Arab and European adventurers who brought it. There had been no such thing as a school from Nubia to Rhodesia, and everywhere there had been constant aimless bloodshed. Long ages of conflict, arbitrary cruelty and instinctive fierceness seemed to have reached a culmination of destructive disorder. The increasing light that fell on Africa did but illuminate a scene of collapse. The new forces that were coming into the country appeared at first as hopelessly blind and cruel as the old; the only difference was that they were better armed. The Arab was frankly a slayer, European enterprise was deeply interested in forced labor. The first-fruits of Christianity had been civil war, and one of Oswald's earliest experiences of Uganda had been the attack of Mwanga and his Roman Catholic adherents upon the Anglicans in Mengo, who held out in Lugard's little fort and ultimately established the soundness of the Elizabethan compromise by means of a Maxim gun. It was never a confident outlook for many years anywhere between the Zambesi and the Nile cataracts. Probably no honest man ever worked in west and central Africa between 1880 and 1900 who escaped altogether from phases of absolute despair, who did not face with a sinking heart, lust, hatred, cunning and treachery, black intolerance and ruthless aggression. And behind all the perversities of man worked the wickedness of tropical Nature, uncertain in her moods, frightful in her storms, fruitful of strange troubles through weed and parasite, insect and pestilence. Yet civilization had in the long run won an astonishing victory. In a score of years, so endless then, so brief in retrospect, roads that had been decaying tracks or non-existent were made safe and open everywhere, the railway and the post and telegraph came to stay, vast regions of Africa which since the beginning of things had known no rule but the whim and arbitrary power of transitory chiefs and kings, awoke to the conception of impartial law; war canoes vanished from the lakes and robber tribes learnt to tend their own cattle and cultivate their gardens. And now there were schools. There were hospitals. Perhaps a quarter of a million young people in Uganda alone could read and write; the percentage of literacy in Uganda was rapidly overhauling that in India and Russia.

On the face of it this was enough to set one thinking of the whole world as if it were sweeping forward to universal civilization and happiness. For some years that had been Oswald's habit of mind. It had been his sustaining faith. He had gone from task to task until this last attack of blackwater fever had arrested his activities. And then these doubts displayed themselves.

From South Africa, that land of destiny for western civilization, had come the first germ of his doubting. Sir Harry Johnston, Oswald's chief, a frank and bitter critic of the New Imperialism that had thrust up from the Cape to Nyassaland under the leadership of Cecil Rhodes, helped to shape and point his scepticism. The older tradition of the Empire was one of administration regardless of profit, Johnston declared; this new seemed inspired by conceptions of violent and hasty gain. The Rhodes example had set all Africa dancing to the tune of crude exploitation. It had fired the competitive greed of the King of the Belgians and unleashed blood and torture in the Congo Free State. The Congo State had begun as a noble experiment, a real attempt at international compromise; it had been given over to an unworthy trustee and wrecked hideously by his ruthless profit-hunting. All over the Empire, honest administrators and colonial politicians, friendly explorers and the missionaries of civilization, were becoming more and more acutely aware of a heavy acquisitive thrust behind the New Imperialism. Usually they felt it first in the treatment of the natives. The earlier ill-treatment of the native came from the local trader, the local planter, the white rough; now as that sort of thing was got in hand and men could begin to hope for a new and better order, came extensive schemes from Europe for the wholesale detachment of the native from his land, for the wholesale working and sweating of the native population. . . .

Had we defeated the little robbers only to clear the way for organized imperial robbery?

Such things were already troubling Oswald's mind before the shock of the South African war. But before the war they amounted to criticisms of this administration or that, they were still untouched by any doubts of the general Imperial purpose or of the Empire as a whole. The South African war laid bare an amazing and terrifying amount of national incompetence. The Empire was not only hustled into a war for which there was no occasion, but that war was planned with a lack of intelligent foresight and conducted with a lack of soundness that dismayed every thoughtful Englishman. After a monstrous wasteful struggle the national resources dragged it at last to a not very decisive victory. The outstanding fact became evident that the British army tradition was far gone in decay, that the army was feebly organized and equipped and that a large proportion of its officers were under-educated men, narrow and conventional, inferior in imagination and initiative to the farmers, lawyers, cattle-drovers, and such-like leaders against whom their wits were pitted. Behind the rejoicings that hailed the belated peace was a real and unprecedented national humiliation.

For the first time the educated British were enquiring whether all was well with the national system if so small a conquest seemed so great a task. Upon minds thus sensitized came the realization of an ever more vigorous and ever more successful industrial and trade competition from Germany and the United States; Great Britain was losing her metallurgical ascendency, dropping far behind in the

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chemical industries and no longer supreme upon the seas. For the first time a threat was apparent in the methods of Germany. Germany was launching liner after liner to challenge the British mercantile ascendency, and she was increasing her navy with a passionate vigor. What did it mean? All over the world the British were discovering the German. And the German, it seemed, had got this New Imperialism that was in the British mind in a still harsher, still less scrupulous and still more vulgar form. "Wake up, England," said the Prince of Wales returning from a visit to Canada, and Oswald heard the phrase reverberating in Uganda and talked about it and thought it over continually.

(And Lord Rosebery spoke of "efficiency.")

But now when Oswald sought in the newspapers for signs of this waking up that he desired, he found instead this tremendous reiteration of the ideas of the New Imperialism, acquisitive, mercenary, and altogether selfish and national, which he already so profoundly disliked. The awakening he desired was an awakening of the spirit, an awakening to broader ideas and nobler conceptions of the nation's role in the world's affairs. He had hoped to find men talking of great schemes of national education, of new schools of ethnology, of tropical botany and oriental languages that would put the Imperial adventure on a broad basis of understanding and competent direction. Instead he found England full of wild talk about "taxing the foreigner." A hasty search for national profit he refused to recognize as an awakening. For him indeed it had far more of the quality of a nightmare.

He had slept badly. "Black coffee," said Oswald during one of the wide-awake intervals. "Cigars. Talk. Politics. Over-excited. . . . I ought to be more careful. . . . I forget how flimsy I am still. . . .

"I must get my mind off these things. . . . I'll go down to Limpsfield tomorrow and see about finding schools for this little master Peter Stubland and his foster-sister. I'll go into the matter thoroughly. I haven't thought of them before.

"After all," he said, rolling over, "it's true. Education is the big neglected duty of the time. It's fundamental. And what have I been doing? It's just England—England all over—to let that boy be dragged up. I ought to see about him—now. . . ."

Oswald knocked for some time at the open green door of the little house at Limpsfield before a small servant appeared. She explained that "Miss Phyllis" was away with Miss Joan, and that "Miss Phoebe mustn't be disturbed." Miss Phoebe was writing.

"You aren't the piano per'aps?" she added.

Oswald had to confess he wasn't.

The little servant looked sorry for him.

Oswald perceived that there was nothing to do but wait. "I'll wait," he said, "in the garden." Then turning, he discovered Peter with a bat in his hand, regarding him. . . .

Directly Oswald saw Peter he marvelled that he had not been eager to see him before. The idea that the guardianship of Peter was just a little duty to be seen to, vanished at the sight of him in favor of the realization of a living relationship. Directly Peter saw the gaunt figure of his guardian, he cried out, "It's Nobby!" and there was a squeak of genuine delight in his voice. He wasn't at all the sturdy little thing in a pinafore that Oswald remembered. There are moments when small boys of ten in perfect health and condition can look the smallest, flimsiest and most pathetic of created things—and at the same time preternaturally valiant and intelligent. They take on a likeness to sacred flames that may at any moment flicker out. More particularly does this unconscious camouflage of delicacy occur in the presence of parents and guardians already in a state of self-reproach. The gray flannel suit that Peter wore had been bought with an eye to growth and was a little too large for him, but it never occurred to Oswald that the misfit could be due to anything but a swift and ominous shrinkage of the boy. He wanted to carry him off forthwith to beer and cream and sea-bathing.

The two approached one another slowly, taking each other in.

"You remember me?" said Oswald superfluously.

"It was you, used to tell me stories."

"I must tell you some more stories," said Oswald. "I've come back to England to live."

"*Here?*"—brightly.

"Well, near here. But I shall see a lot of you now, Peter."

"I'll like that," said Peter. "I've often thought of you. . . ."

"This garden's not so greatly altered, Peter," said Oswald.

"There's a Friendship's Garden up that end," said Peter indicating the end by a movement of his head. "But it isn't much. Aunt Phoebe started it and forgot it. Everyone who came was to plant something. And me and Joan have gardens; but they've got all weedy now."

"Let's have a look at it all," said Oswald, and guardian and ward strolled past a splendid row of dahlias and sat down on a little seat that overlooked the spaces of the Weald.

Oswald bestirred himself to talk.

"And exactly how old are you now, Peter?"

"Ten years and two months," said Peter.

"We'll have to find a school for you."

"Have you been in Africa since I saw you?" Peter asked, avoiding the topic.

"Since you saw me going off," said Oswald, "I've been in Uganda all the time. There's been fighting and working. Some day you must go to Uganda and see all that has been done. We've made a good railway and good roads and telegraphs. We've put down robbers and cruelty."

"And shot a lot of lions?"

"Plenty. The lions were pretty awful for a bit. About Nairobi and along the line."

"Shot 'em, when they were coming at you?"

"One was coming straight at me."

"I'd like to go to Africa," said Peter.

"You shall."

He decided to begin at once upon his neglected task of making an Imperial citizen according to the ideas that prevailed before the advent of the New Imperialism. "That sort of thing," he said, "is what we Englishmen are for, you know, Peter. What our sort of Englishman is for anyhow. We have to go about the world and make roads and keep the peace and see fair play. We've got to kill big beasts and climb hard mountains. That's the job of the Englishman. He's a sort of policeman. A sort of working guardian. Not a noisy slave-driver trying to get rich. He chases off slave-drivers. All the world's his beat. India, Africa, China and the east, all the seas of the world. This little fat green country, all trim and tidy and set with houses and gardens, isn't much of a land for a man, you know—unless he's an invalid. It's a

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good land to grow up in and come back to die in. Or rest in. But in between, no!"

"No," said Peter.

"No."

"But you haven't come back to die, Uncle Nobby?"

"No fear. But I've had to come back. I'm resting. This old arm, you know, and all that sort of thing. Just for a time. . . . And besides I want to see a lot of you."

"Yes."

"You have to grow up here and learn all you can, science and all sorts of things, so that you can be a useful man wherever you have to go."

"Africa," said Peter.

"Africa perhaps. And that's why one has to go to school and college—and learn all about it."

"They haven't taught me much about it yet," said Peter.

"Well, you haven't been to much in the way of schools," said Oswald.

"Are there better schools?"

"No end. We're going to find one," said Oswald.

"I wish school was over," said Peter.

"Why? You've got no end to learn yet."

"I want to begin," said Peter looking out across the tumbled gentleness of the Weald.

"Begin school?"

"No, begin—Africa, India—doing things."

"School first," said Oswald.

"Are there schools where you learn about guns and animals and mountains and foreign people?" said Peter.

"There must be," said Oswald. "We'll find something."

"Where you don't do Latin and parsing and 'straction of the square root."

"Oh! those things have their place."

"Did you have to do them, Uncle Nobby?"

"Rather."

"Were they useful to you?"

"At times—in a way. Of course those things are good as training, you know—awfully good. Harden up the mental muscles, Peter."

Peter made no reply to that.

Presently Peter said: "Shall I learn about machines?"

"When you've done some mathematics, Peter. There's a lot you don't know yet," said Oswald.

"Can't I read it out of books?" asked Peter.

"You can't read everything out of books," said Oswald. "There's things you ought to see and handle. And things you can only learn by doing."

Peter considered. "I'd like lessons about the insides of animals, and about the people in foreign countries—and how engines work—and all that sort of thing."

"Then we must find a school for you where they teach all that sort of thing," said Oswald, as though it was merely a question of ordering goods from the Civil Service Stores. . . .

He had much to learn yet about education.

H. G. WELLS.

# *A COMMUNICATION*

## The Healing of England

MOST Americans have, unfortunately, certain prepossessions about England which blur their understanding of her character and policy. Above all, they fail to appreciate the changes in English society and opinions wrought by the war, and they therefore miss the essential unity of the English people at this moment.

A true understanding is not made easier by the writings of certain Englishmen. Before the war there was an ingrained suspicion of the "privileged classes" in the mind of liberal writers in England. They were liberals; they placed liberty before nationality and freedom before unity, and they were naturally and inevitably at odds with those who, after the Tory tradition, thought first and foremost in terms of national unity and the principles of government. But this natural antagonism was artificially deepened by suspicions, largely baseless, of the economic interests and designs of their political opponents. Even before the war, the real underlying nature of political controversies had become veiled and confused by the fact that the liberals, inclining towards labor, had become the advocates of stronger and more pervasive government, while the Tories, deflected by the play of party politics towards their old enemies the manufacturers, had in many matters been betrayed into an anomalous defense of economic laissez-faire.

In this situation, before the war, a younger generation was already growing up in impatient aversion to the unrealities of this conflict. These younger men came almost equally from liberal and conservative stock. They gravitated first to non-party movements like the Workers' Educational Association and the Round Table, and thence their impulse of escape from a vitiated alignment of parties had begun to lead them into strange sympathies. They groped with one hand towards the syndicalist revolt against organized labor through the National Guild movement; with the other hand towards Sinn Fein through Plunkett and George Russell. They did not know what they were doing; it was a question rather of instinctive sympathies than of actual political aims; but nevertheless they found a body of opinion which a leader might, and probably would before long, have consolidated into a centre party as unselfish in purpose and as noble in ideals as democratic politics have ever evolved.

But for most of these men their youth reserved perhaps a better and certainly as noble a destiny. The trenches of Flanders, Gallipoli, the sands of Egypt and Mesopotamia took them in their time. Some, however, remain and the mantle of those who have gone has fallen not only upon a few survivors and successors but upon the country at large. The older politicians, the older party writers and speakers, do not understand; but the vast majority of factory employers and employed, sharers for three years in the same labor organization and development, and all the most active workers and thinkers in the task of reconstruction, know, dimly but certainly, into what manner of heritage they have entered.

Unity has come to England and the spirit which impels her is purified and new. Radicalism has been imposed on all, including Mr. Bonar Law and the House of Lords,

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by the demands of war and the future problems of peace. Leadership in reform has passed from the apostles of liberalism to the masses of the people; we are faced by a democratic movement in the true sense—democratic because it is spontaneous. The older apostles have still occasionally some leadership in lines of thought with which workingmen have not been familiar in the past. The Webbs still devise advanced economic proposals for the acceptance of labor. Mr. Brailsford is still called in to advise about the Balkans. But the spiritual unity between those outside and those within is now focussed in other younger groups—rawer perhaps and less versed in the marshalling of problems and the technique of their solution, but at the same time less intellectually self-conscious and simpler and more human than the older hierarchies of reform.

The "united Englishmen," so to speak, are not perhaps very well satisfied with the present government, not because they disagree with it but because they feel uncertain in the whirl of war what is the precise nature of its ideals and its policy. They do, however, recognize in the machinery of government under Mr. Lloyd George a far more fertile field for construction and reconstruction, for the free play of ideas and the encouragement of innovation, than has been offered by any previous Ministry. Their doubts are, moreover, largely based on misapprehensions. Those who work with the Departments know that the pronouncements of the Inter-Allied Labor Conference against an economic war after the war for its own sake or for selfish national aims, find as ready a welcome with Lord Milner or Sir Edward Carson as with Mr. Henderson or Mr. Sidney Webb, and that the absence of clear declarations of policy in this and similar respects is to be ascribed to the burdens of war administration and not to the existence of darker or less liberal designs. They also know that the so-called "secret treaties" published at Petrograd were, at the time of their signature, as little liked by the officials who acquiesced in them under pressure of the anxieties of war as they are now by the whole bulk of the Allied democracies. And the country at large knows that a Tory Minister of Agriculture has enacted a minimum wage for agricultural laborers with the warm approval of Tory landowners, while Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords, has welcomed the New Franchise bill as a manifestation of and a challenge to the unity of England.

Some observers may be tempted to say that this is evidence only of youthful optimism and that the groups like the Workers' Educational Association and the writers for the new "Athenæum" who aspire to embody a union of hearts are only a sentimental imitation of the Fabians—a repetition of an experiment which, in one form or another, is made by the young men of every generation in turn. To this must be answered that failure is indeed only too possible; that the refinement of war may fade with the return of peace; that England may miss her opportunity as America missed hers after 1865; but that nevertheless the unity of today is essentially different from the earlier Fabian attempt at peaceful penetration of the body politic. It is also different from recent movements of opinion in the United States, and this difference, although it is, we hope, only one of phase and not of essence, should be grasped by any one who wishes to understand the England of the present day.

The difference comes out perhaps most clearly in the discussion of war aims. Englishmen of the new union warmly approve the idea of the League of Nations, but their conception of the League is not copied from Fabian studies, from the schemes published by Mr. Wolff or Mr. Brailsford, or from the speeches of American leaders. It was not merely the demand of organized labor, but the growing appeal of all active Englishmen, from the young officer in the trenches to the latest girl volunteer in munition factories, that called forth Mr. Lloyd George's statement of aims last January, but the appeal was less for the formulation of a political programme than for a confession of spiritual responsibility. To Englishmen after nearly four years of suffering there is, to speak frankly, something cold and unfamiliar about American or Fabian formulations of a League of Nations, with constitution, courts and by-laws all complete. They perhaps regard such machine-like plans with a distrust hardly less deep than the repugnance they have felt for the artificial carving of frontiers by the secret treaties. Neither the one nor the other represents the victory they believe is yet to be won by the "sword of the spirit." They wish to speak in a constitutional convention of the nations, not to draft the proposals and counter-proposals of the peace conference. Their approval of President Wilson's pronouncements springs from a belief that this is his attitude though it is often not the attitude of his interpreters. To them the measure of the need for military victory lies not in the refusal of Germany to commit herself to the constitution of a League, but in her ingrained determination not to permit a free meeting of minds between people and people. They did not regard the proposed Stockholm Conference as an opportunity for such a meeting and the Inter-Allied Labor Conference has now recorded its practical agreement with this view in making the suggested inter-belligerent conference conditional upon prior pledges of agreement with the fundamental principles of international liberty.

And above all England will not be satisfied with purely political solutions. Religious influences have played a part which no contemporary can measure in the tendencies of young England before the war and in the new life of the present day. It is these influences that have melted the claims of privilege and the self-defence of wealth. Every day they are falsifying more and more the traditional explanations of national problems in terms of economics. Any attempt to estimate these influences would lead either to exaggeration or to platitude, but the measure of their presence is perhaps to be found in an absence of the Pharisaism which has too often disfigured the preaching of reformers and in a humility which is the first condition alike of international tolerance and of a ready acceptance of the unexpected. American observers should remember that in the mouth of England words like "spirit" are something more than convenient synonyms and reveal hopes none the less real because as yet they rest not on forecasts but on expectancy. The motto of young England might well be expressed in the words of Milton: "Let us be more considerate builders, more skilled in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected."

AN ENGLISHMAN.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## The Woman's Land Army

SIR: Through a generous offer of cooperation from Wellesley College, the Woman's Land Army of America has been enabled to announce an unusual opportunity of training for women who desire to increase their efficiency as farm workers and to act as leaders in the women's agricultural camps of next season.

That such camps will be established in large numbers another year seems certain, since the demand for women on the farms increases daily, and the units of the Land Army now at work in many states are evidently giving satisfaction to their employers and playing an important part in the work of food production.

The need of trained leaders in these lines has been one of the serious problems of the Land Army. In response to an offer of cooperation from Wellesley, a training camp was proposed as the most valuable service possible, and plans are now under way for the opening of such a camp at Wellesley on August 1st.

The training offered will cover problems of camp organization, housing, food, water supply, sanitation, regime, agricultural practice and courses in farm mechanics, etc.

The camp will be under the direction of Miss Edith Diehl, formerly a Wellesley student and recently connected with the American Red Cross as Director of the Auxiliary Workroom of the New York County Chapter. The instructors will be experts in every department, drawn from technical schools, from agricultural colleges and from government institutions.

Women throughout the country who wish to enlist in the cause of food production will find in this training camp an exceptional opportunity to prepare themselves for such service. The course is open to women of sound health who have had either collegiate training or executive experience and who are ready to work on the land next year. A nominal charge of $50 for each student will be the only expense incurred, and the greater part of the expense of equipping and maintaining the camp will be borne by Wellesley. The size of the camp will be limited to sixty women. Applications should be made to the Director at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Probably not every one of the sixty recruits will qualify as a leader in the Land Army of next summer, but many will undoubtedly be accepted, and no one can take the course, outlined so carefully, without greatly increasing her general efficiency and making her service in the future of far greater value to the farmers who need help.

THE WOMAN'S LAND ARMY OF AMERICA.
19 West 44th St., New York City.

## "God Bless You"

SIR: I believe it will interest you to hear, as an echo, from a friend of mine, just back from the front, that the practical cooperation of the French poilu and your soldiers is working admirably. There is an innate sympathy that makes up for differences of language and technical preparation. And your officers have accepted so disinterestedly our officers' guidance. Never shall we forget it. Never shall we forget Pershing's stirring gesture at the critical juncture at the end of March, when he solicited the honor of serving under Foch. God bless you.

HENRI BRENIER.

Marseilles.

## Russians on Intervention

SIR: Knowing the interest and enlightened stand which you have taken on the Russian question, I take the liberty of asking you to print in your paper the accompanying statement, which is a resolution passed by the Russian Society of Engineers of Chicago.

The question of intervention, which has lately occupied the public mind so much, seems to pass unnoticed by the Russian colony in America. This lack of notice does not mean, however, that Russians here are not at all interested in the intervention question. On the contrary, they are following it with lively interest, and reacting with great force to the happenings abroad and to the movements of public opinion here.

It is difficult to say why notice of the opinion of the Russian colony has not appeared in the American press. Perhaps it is because the Russian here is too far removed from American public life, and therefore does not utilize the press to its full extent. Perhaps it is because he does not realize how dangerously near to military intervention we have come. Or perhaps in his engrossing study of the Russian situation, and in living through, though to a much smaller extent, the life which Russia is now living through, he has become altogether oblivious to the work waiting to be done here.

However, we hope it will be of interest to you to know the opinion of our society on this important question.

A point of information: The Russian Society of Engineers of Chicago came to life with the birth of New Russia. Its objects are to promote friendly relations between America and Russia, and to help improve engineering and industrial arts in Russia. So far conditions have prevented us from doing anything along the lines of improving these arts, but certainly promoting relations between the two countries is now a fertile field.

M. GRODSKY, Secretary.

The formal appeal of the Constitutional Democratic party of Russia to the government of the United States brings the question of military intervention to a point where it becomes necessary for us, of Russian descent, to take a definite stand on this important matter.

We, members of the Russian Society of Engineers, assembled at a meeting on June 13, 1918, for the purpose of discussing this question, have come to the conclusion that military intervention in Russia at present, without the consent of the Russian people and its government, will result in the rise of the Russian people without class or party distinction against the invaders, and the Russian political situation will become worse instead of better, while the German hold on Russia will grow stronger.

We are convinced that the surest way to re-establish order in Russia and to counteract the German invasion is by helping the Russian people in the reconstruction of their industrial and social life by means of sending to Russia locomotives, railroad cars, agricultural implements and other necessary materials, as well as the sending of commissions of experts in various branches of industry and commerce. An agreement for the organizing of material help, and the assurance that such help will not get into German hands, can and should be reached between the American and Russian governments.

For the above reasons we, the Russian Society of Engineers of Chicago, declare ourselves against military intervention in Russia and for immediate economic and industrial help.

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# Mr. Wells Thinks Aloud

*In the Fourth Year, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.*

NOT even Professor Sherman could deny a superb vitality to Mr. Wells's mind. Whatever it lacks, it is at least an active and flexible instrument. Like the mercury in the thermometer, it reacts to the most delicate change in the temperature. It is never, I think, a constructive mind. It is not able, in the splendid isolation of an original genius, to work out profoundly ideas ahead of its age. But for the popularization of what is most genuinely liberal in the best general thought of his time Mr. Wells has assuredly no equal. He always writes vividly and freshly. There is always something invigorating in the unexpected angles he gives to his thought. It has always that ease and quickness which makes it like the best talk of an instructed man of the world. In his fashion, Mr. Wells has performed a real mission to this generation. He has made the direction of its effort intelligible to itself. He has made it palpable and coherent where before it was hidden and diffused. He has asked it the right questions, and compelled the right answers. In his way, and, of course, without the same vast audience, Mr. Wells has played the Voltaire to this generation. It may perhaps be added that, unlike Voltaire, he seems destined to die in the bosom of the church.

What is valuable in this present volume is the amazing skill with which Mr. Wells has sketched certain attitudes of the war. His own feeling stands out quite clearly. He is a follower of President Wilson. He believes in a League of Nations, in which a free Germany is to play its part; and he insists that without that League the war will be worse than lost. To most of us all this is obvious enough. But what is valuable in Mr. Wells's articulation of it is the background in which it is set. He gives an almost startling clarity to the roots of opposition. He shows, what, I think, needs far more enquiry than it has anywhere received, the utter futility of that attitude which urges a democratic silence while the experts do their work. It makes strikingly plain in what a tragic social turmoil democratic diplomacy has to do its work. The English ladies whose confidence in men stops with the cessation of titles; the American ladies who believe that whatever an English peeress says is right; the French diplomats who have never altered the traditions of the Second Empire in their Foreign Office; the manufacturers and financiers who talk in terms of concessions and hinterlands and spheres of influence—these, whatever be their nationality, are the believers in the expert. The point is, as Mr. Wells finely insists, that we are dealing with a few relatively simple ideas the meaning of which every intelligent person can understand. We do not want a diplomacy carried on by the public, but we do want a public diplomacy. In that sense, when the Russian people repudiated the secret treaties, they conferred an eminent service upon the world. And few of us will doubt that the peace terms for which Mr. Wells asks will come as the direct derivative of that supreme democratic gesture.

There is real clarity, also, in Mr. Wells's chapter on monarchy. Here, I think, he makes plain at once the merits and defects of his mind. So long as he is analytic, so long as he is simply describing the things about him, he is almost uncannily accurate; immediately he steps into the unknown, and attempts to piece together the doubtfully possible, he becomes unconvincing. He paints a very life-like picture of the ramifications of the English monarchy. There is a real need here of analysis because it is conventional to belittle results that are, in fact, far greater than is shown in the books. The peculiar socio-political class of England finds its pivot in the monarchial system; without it, the whole lever would be gone. But when Mr. Wells suggests marriage of the royal family into the peerage as a cure, he descends into the bathetic. Clearly he has not pictured to himself a tithe of the possibilities. An English aristocracy divided into those who do and those who do not call the King by his first name; the fierce scrambles to enter a charmed circle; the higher premium upon peerages that the parties can demand from the remaining and peerless brewers and Harmsworths; the dangers of American competition; the reaction upon the British dominions; the necessity of balancing the marriages fairly among the parties. Of course there would be compensations; and I (though I should not be invited) would dance joyfully at the marriage of a Prince of Wales to the daughter of an Irish trade-unionist whose father was executed in the rebellion of 1916. But, as I think, the real line of changes lies in a direction Mr. Wells has indicated elsewhere. The single fact is that no political system can be fundamentally democratic in which there is either a monarchy or an hereditary peerage. Either entails social consequences fatal to the minimum notion of equality which a democratic system implies. I should greatly like to see some first-rate thinker like Mr. Wallas trace out for us the influence of English royalty in, say, the last fifty years. I believe it would prove on examination to be greater than most of us even remotely imagine. And I do not think it would appear beneficent.

Mr. Wells rightly sees that to distinguish the League of Nations from the Holy Alliance the emphasis must be laid upon its character as an union of democracies. Like many of us, he is deeply disturbed at the results of the democratic process in the last fifty years; but I think that his reflections upon the possibilities of change are the least valuable part of his book. Much of his description seems to treat rather the symptom than the disease. The party system, the abundance of lawyers, the inadequate representation of minorities—all these are obvious enough. But I doubt whether proportional representation is a cure for them. Like Mr. Wells, I agree with its basic idea; but I think anyone who has observed the results of the short ballot and the direct primary will not be inclined to place too much confidence in mechanisms. In reality, I believe that the root of the evil lies deeper, and, in the main, is economic in character. It goes back to a state of which the fundamental division is unproperty on the one hand and property on the other. The only real distinction between English liberalism and English conservatism is in the terms they offer to unproperty. Both represent a more or less genial variation upon the terms of the status quo. Their predominance explains the importance of the lawyers in modern civilization; though here I wish that Mr. Wells and his co-flagellators of the legal class would sometimes bethink them of names like Bentham and Romilly, Coke and Mansfield, Savigny and Grotius. The condemnation of a class is as impossible as the indictment of a nation. The cure for the ills of representative government is to make it representative; and that cannot be so long as economic power is inequitably distributed.

I hope that in subsequent editions Mr. Wells will withdraw his eulogy (p. 23) of the Electoral College of the United States. It mars what is otherwise a brilliant and suggestive volume.

H. J. L.

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# A Conquistadore

*Faith; Hope; Success; Progress; Brought Forward. By Cunninghame Graham. New York: Frederick Stokes Co. $1.35 each.*

ONE is tempted to label the personality behind them in the manner that certain of the tales and sketches in these five volumes are labeled. A Conquistadore would be fitting. It would go with A Renegade, A Convert, A Saint, Un Monsieur, An Idealist. Therefore, at the head of this study of Cunninghame Graham's work let A Conquistadore stand.

What impresses one about the tales and sketches in Faith, Hope, Progress, Success, Brought Forward, is the extent of territory they cover—Spain, South America, West Africa, Morocco, Arabia—not to speak of Scotland and North England. Cunninghame Graham holds these territories as a Conquistadore. He holds them by strength of wrist and sharpness of eyesight. What he takes out of them by way of tribute is their beauty and their exoticism. Can one venture to say that he takes out of them any of their mystery?

This writer is first of all a man with eyes. Let him describe for you a space in the Pampas or a piece of Scottish countryside under snow and you will be astonished at the number of things those wonderful eyes of his are aware of. And nothing he notes is irrelevant to the picture he makes. He is a master of words and his descriptive sentences are quite triumphant. How well too his men and women are noted—their countenances and costumes, their accoutrements and their traits. It is only when we put them beside the men and women of A Sportsman's Notebook, or Within the Tides, or The Luck of Roaring Camp that we perceive that Cunninghame Graham is more of a describer than a revealer of life.

And yet it is not sound to throw the accent on Cunninghame Graham's descriptive powers. He is not an objective writer whose descriptions hold no increment from the adventures of his soul. There is a subjective element in his work which crops out in the lyrical prose of certain of his descriptions:

> "It might be that at night, when the moon silvers all the waters, and mist enshrouds the hills, calling out from the grass and mosses their secret perfume; when roe steal from the copses browsing so timidly about the open patches of green herbage, scattered like islands through the heath; when dark gray moths flutter about the edges of the lake, that if a child dared venture up to the lone tarn, its eyes might open and behold a wondrous world of fairies, and it would understand all that the rustling of the wind amongst the heather really means. But if it did so, either it would turn rank poet and be damned amongst its fellows, or be snatched away to dwell forever in some fairy hill, remote from man, seeing the world as in a camera obscura, with people running to and fro like ants, in a perpetual gloom. No child will venture, the spell will not be broken, and the black little loch will remain hidden from men's hearts, lost in the mist, lost in forgetfulness, just as it was intended that it should be lost, by Nature, when she hid it in the hills.
>
> (Faith: Lochan Falloch.)

And in his men and women there is often something that exceeds description—there is actual creation. Rubio, the Moorish beggar of Tangier, half-faun and half-satyr, lives for us. "His blindness kept him from entire materialism, giving him sometimes a half spiritual air, which probably may have been but skin deep, and of the nature of the reflection of a sunset on a dunghill; or again, may have been the true reflection of his soul as it peeped through the dung hill of the flesh." Rubio made one profession of faith—"Mektub"—"It is written." By that single statement he lives in our minds. Then there is the Mexican of A Chichuahuno—a man even more disreputable than Rubio. Though short and fat and looking as if he had been cut out of walnut by an unskillful hand, and although now a musico he had been in murderous raids and knew of appalling cruelties. Yet we remember him as a man we liked. And the harlot whose life is shown in Un Monsieur (Hope) is quite a memorable personage. Cunninghame Graham tells of his people as a man of the world might tell us of them—a man of the world, however, who had renounced the world of the fed and the complacent and whose eagerness for reality makes him know the desperate and the disreputable.

For Cunninghame Graham the civilization that is filling up the world and speaking of itself as "progress" is dismal, disheartening and dehumanizing. Better than it by far is the life of the desert or the pampa where men will take life lightly but will know in it a joy and a meaning. He turns from the dismal sight of London during Christmas week to think of a civilization that once existed and that still exists in the lands to which his heart goes:

> "In that old cosmos, with its simple, reasonable life, so like the life of plants and trees, as fixed and as immutable as are the seasons or the tides, there was a sympathy, unthought of, but all the same at hand, which though it did not spend itself in theories, redeemed mankind from many of its sins. Justice, one hears, is but of modern growth; but in its action on the lives of men it toils a thousand leagues behind the old brutality which, though it certainly denied all rights, admitted kinship, or at least was conscious of a link between all sentient things, just as some deity who had created man in his own image might feel ashamed when called upon to punish and destroy beings so like himself, though for all that he could not hold his hand."

These tales and sketches of Cunninghame Graham's make the most readable of books. Open any of them on a train or in your easy chair and at once you will find something to arrest and entertain you. It may be a piquant preface—there is a touch of Cervantes in Cunninghame Graham's prefaces—it may be a description of horses on the pampas, or the environment of a saint in a Spanish city, or an interview between an old Arab woman and Mohammed, Prophet of God, or the presentation of a Scottish farmer or a Scottish clergyman—whatever it may be, it is rendered with such spirit and power that to read it is a real intellectual excitement. We may not hold it against him that what he has given us is not the whole of his life.

One of his prefaces reminds us that Charles Lamb, when someone asked him something about his works, answered that they were to be found in the South Sea House, and that they numbered forty volumes, for he had labored many years there, making his bricks with the least possible modicum of straw. "Mine, if you ask me, are to be found but in the trails I left in all the years I galloped on the prairies and the pampas of America. Hold it not up to

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me for egotism, O gentle reader, for I would have you know that hardly any of the horses that I rode had shoes on them, and thus the tracks are faint. *Vale.*"

Such account he gives of his stories, this Conquistadore whose hands are so firm upon the reins and whose eyes have looked so keenly upon so many men and things.

PADRAIC COLUM.

# The End of the War

*The End of the War, by Walter Weyl. New York: The Macmillan Co.*

IN the fullness of time when the new Congress of Weissnichtwo has taken its place in the record of history beside the grand conference of Vienna, this little book by Walter Weyl will be reckoned among the counsels of wisdom and virtue given moderately and in all sincerity, lest the brazen clangor of war drown recurring questions as to America's purpose and thoughtful inquiry into the reason of America's firm resolve. It bears a title which is not altogether correct—The End of the War. There is forecast in it, but in the main it is a description of the drift of relentless circumstance in which the great war bulks large because it has brought to thunderous climax national and economic conflicts that have their roots deep down in the centuries. Mr. Weyl draws swiftly under review America's neutrality and pacifism during the early stages of the war, the conversion of America, the spirit of our war against militarism, the plans of French, Russian, English and Italian imperialists for spoiling the enemy, Italy's ambitions, the war of New Russia against capitalistic imperialism, the faint hopes of German liberalism, the inconclusiveness of a bitter-end peace, the sham of most of the "guaranties" demanded by statesmen of the old school, the possibilities of a Grand Alliance for peace after the war, nationalistic obstacles to internationalism—all this takes 272 of the 311 pages. Then follow two concluding chapters—one on the peace conference and another on forward moving forces of democracy after the war.

Mr. Weyl thinks America's cause is just enough to require no artificial coloring, and he does not believe that the Entente Allies need to be over righteous in their indignation. He doubts not that mundane considerations have actuated America as well as Russia and Italy. It is by facing the light boldly that we see the more enduring truth. Of Germany's conduct in Belgium, of her ravages on the high seas, of her intrigues and indecent conduct in America, of her cold and brutal military calculations, of her power and her determination to use it for economic advantages at any human cost, of her ominous menaces against America's future, of the autocratic character of her political system, of this and more there could be no doubt. This is enough to convince all but the unearthly of the justice of the cause for which America took up arms. This is justification enough for America's will to victory. All things are relative in this vale of tears. Life, so far as there are any choices at all, is made up of choices among relative values. If we will adhere only to the perfect good, then we shall always be floating around in realms adjoining the kingdom of madness.

Mr. Weyl believes, however, that the dread disease of capitalistic imperialism is scattered in some proportions among all the manufacturing nations of the earth and is liable to become virulent anywhere. It is now so widespread in Germany, and is so complicated with militarism that other nations must perforce combine against the Kaiser and his minions. But that does not relieve us of the responsibility of being on our guard against it in other places. Indeed the avowed principles on which President Wilson appealed to his countrymen to take up arms against German military power place upon America a peculiar duty of resisting everywhere within the limits of the practicable, imperialistic and selfish pretensions, the realization of which will merely prepare the way for the renewal of the present struggle when the exhaustion of the contestants is repaired. Mr. Weyl wishes that President Wilson had imposed upon the Entente Allies certain democratic conditions as the price of America's cooperation. That, he is well aware, is crying over spilt milk, but America is still arbiter in a large way and, curiously enough, finds her principles and programme more fully expressed in the declarations of the German minority socialists than in the fulminations of Mr. Maxse—in the British labor programme rather than in the poetic dreams of the reviver of Rome's glory, Gabriel d'Annunzio. In other words there are two voices in all the countries now at war—even in thundering Germany, though it be a very still and a very small voice. Mr. Weyl begs us to listen to the voice of democratic moderation. To beat Germany to earth and then impose terms that will only lead to a new balance of power and renewed slaughter on a grander scale does not seem to him to be the task for which America has girded her loins. On the contrary he holds that our government is earnestly sustained by the people in the present war in the hope that it may overbear the power that blocks the way to internationalism, and that it may

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aid in bringing about a settlement which promises most for a long enduring, if not a permanent peace. The old game of capitalistic exploitation, of interpenetration, of annexation, of economic rivalry for the main chance—which is just a little short of piracy—must cease. Governments must not be the servitors of capitalists searching in the out-of-the-way places of the earth for twenty-five per cent dividends and a guaranteed return of the original capital, plus betterments.

Such a peace is obviously difficult. It is a matter not merely of boundaries and tariffs but also of democratic sentiment all over the world. Only the prevalence and deep influence of such a sentiment can prevent the coming peace congress from being the same old trick played over again by what Mr. Weyl calls peace representatives "of the approved diplomatic type, the aged, the bemedalled, chilly, narrow, and conservative Excellency, very gentlemanly, very astute, fundamentally stupid." From such a band of respectables, democratic peoples, panting for safety as the hart panteth after the water brook, should expect little, will receive little. Indeed we may expect to see some shrewd master of the Machiavellian art from the German Empire writing to William II as Talleyrand wrote to Louis XVIII on January 4, 1815: "Now, sir, the coalition is dissolved forever. Not only does France [Germany] no longer stand alone in Europe, but your Majesty is already in an alliance such as it seemed that fifty years of negotiation could not have procured for her." God forbid that it should be so, but it may be so unless the democratic forces of the earth will it otherwise. A peace made in the open sunlight, with full knowledge of the nature of the imperialistic and capitalistic dynamic of industry as at present organized, shaped toward a future of internationalism, not of new coalitions, new balances of power—such is the peace for which Mr. Weyl pleads.

It is in testimony to such a peace that we may ask the witness of those "to whom the war has changed the aspect of the earth and the imagery of heaven, whose hopes it has cut off like a spider's web, whose treasure it has placed, in a moment, under the seals of clay. Those who can never more see the sunrise, nor watch the climbing light gild the Eastern cloud, without thinking what graves it has gilded first far down beyond the dark earth line—who nevermore shall see the crocus bloom in spring, without thinking what dust it is that feeds the wild flowers" by Chateau-Thierry. Otherwise our share of glory may be sack cloth and ashes, our brimming cup of victory, gall and wormwood.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

## Contributors

to this Issue

WILLIAM HARD—A writer on public affairs now investigating problems of organization in Washington for the New Republic.

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H. G. WELLS—Everybody knows.

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